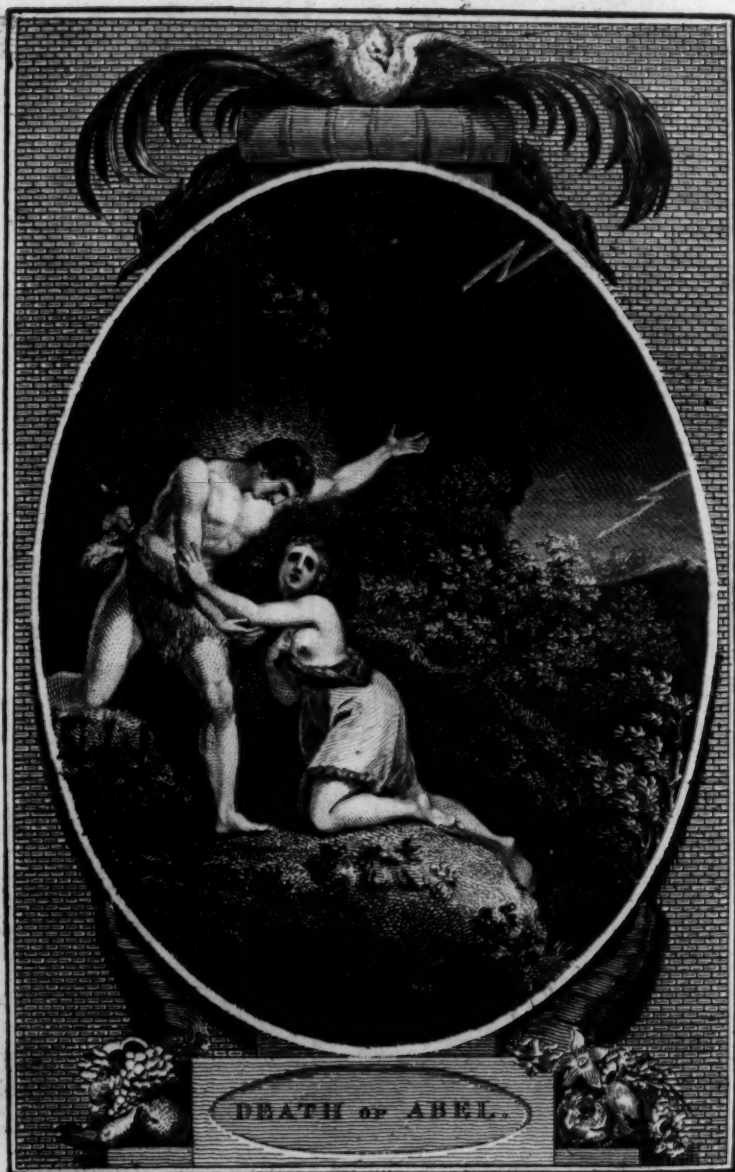
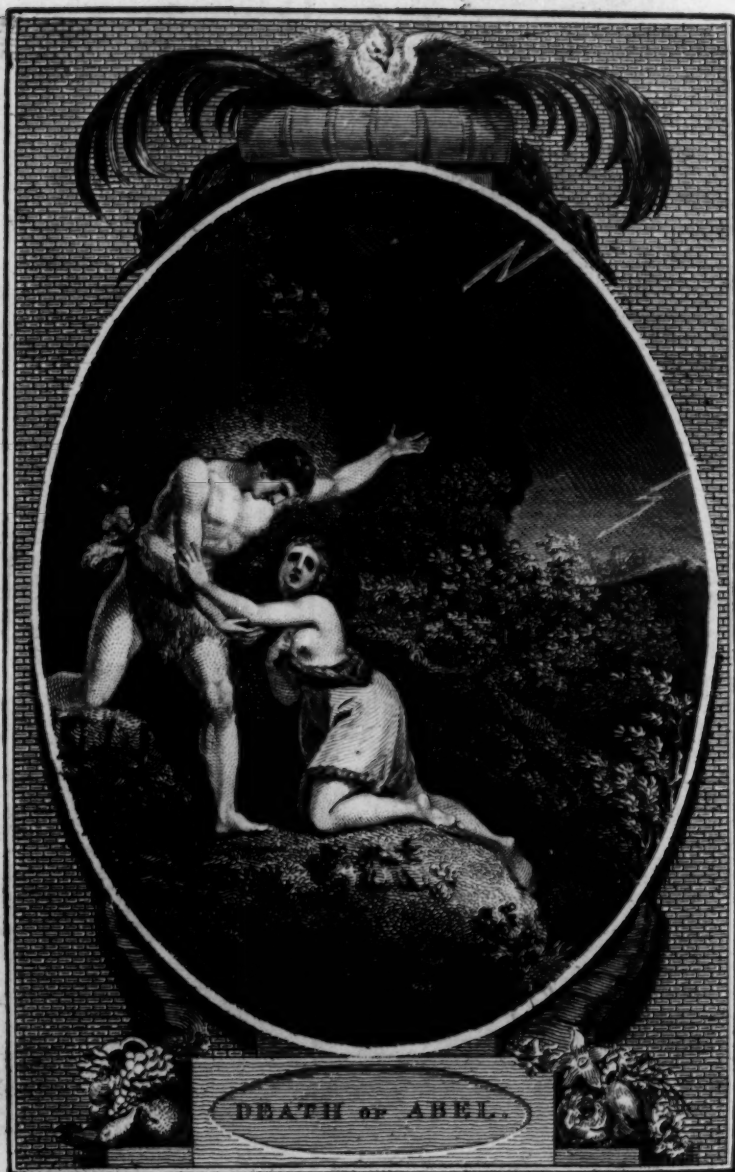




C. J. Burrows, del.

Heath, Sculp.



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HARRISON's EDITION.



THE
DEATH OF ABEL.

IN FIVE BOOKS.

ATTEMPTED

FROM THE GERMAN OF MR. GESSNER.

BY MRS. COLLYER.



L O N D O N:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster Row.

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HARRISON & SONS



DEATH OF ABEL

OF

THE

FROM THE



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1884

TO THE
QUEEN.

PERMIT me to lay at the foot of Your Throne this Volume, which is an attempt to translate from Your NATIVE LANGUAGE a Work deservedly admired. I am sensible it is but a faint representation of the glowing beauties of the excellent Original: yet I flatter myself I have, in some measure, preserved the ideas, especially those which fill and warm the heart with the love of virtue. On this account, and on this only, I presume to hope for Your MAJESTY's favourable acceptance of the work.

PLACED by the hand of Providence at an humble distance from the Great, my cares and pleasures are concentrated within the narrow limits of my little Family, and it is in order to contribute to the support and education of my Children, I have taken up the pen. Your MAJESTY's Patronage will undoubtedly insure my success: but I am far from hoping that You, MADAM, will give Your Royal Sanction to a Performance that has no other merit to plead than the ill-judged though affectionate industry of a fond Mother. If I have attempted a task for which Nature never designed me, it is just that disappointment should teach me humility and wisdom, and I bow without repining to the stroke.

CONFINED as my situation is, I shared in the universal joy visible on every countenance on Your MAJESTY's safe arrival. This general satisfaction was a most auspicious omen in the beginning of Your happy Reign. May You, MADAM, ever feel the delight of giving joy to a brave and loyal people! May Your exemplary virtues, united with those of our beloved Sovereign, put wickedness to shame, and force vice to hide its head! May all ranks, influenced by Royal Precedent, and the manners of Your Court, grow ashamed of licentiousness, in-

humanity, profaneness, and dissipation! May the sincere gratitude and love of a reformed, united, and happy people, render valuable the splendour of Your public station: while domestic peace, conjugal felicity, and maternal love, fill with tranquil delight Your more retired hours! May You see, with transport, the rising virtues of a numerous Progeny! May You, MADAM, to use the patriarchal language of my Author—May you, full of days, and full of glory, after having beheld Your Children's Children flourish round You, late, very late, resign an earthly crown, to receive an everlasting diadem in the realms of bliss and immortality! These are the ardent wishes of,

MADAM,

Yours and HIS MAJESTY'S

Most dutiful,

Most devoted,

And most obedient,

Subject and Servant,

MARY COLLYER.

THE

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I Now venture on a more sublime subject than has hitherto employed my pen, from a desire of knowing whether my abilities will bear a farther trial. This is a curiosity which ought to influence every man. The public are too apt to discourage a young poet who has succeeded in one branch of poetry, and are for confining him to that only in which he has been once successful, as his *ne plus ultra*; as if that alone was the very thing in which he could shew the whole strength of his genius; when, perhaps, some external circumstance, or a mere accident, rather than any particular impulse, determined his choice.

Though a poet who attempts the sublimer parts of poetry were not entitled to regard from the public, he would find himself amply rewarded in the happy execution of his voluntary task. To revolve a vast variety of things, to trace the motives of actions to their original source, to draw characters, and through intricate occurrences gradually to open interesting events, is attended with a thousand pleasures. Nature is to him an inexhaustible magazine, whence true genius collects every material that can embellish his favourite object: then is the whole mind in action, and talents are awakened which would very probably have otherwise lain dormant and unknown.

But it will be said, at this rate we shall have nothing to read but epic poems and tragedies. They who are apprehensive of such a misfortune should know, that when I say such compositions will give greater and more various pleasures than little pieces to the poet, I mean, it will also be the same with the reader. However, few have leisure or inclination for large performances: most men are taken up with occupations of a different nature; many will chuse to pay their addresses to a less coy mistress than the epic muse; and I dare prophecy we shall never be without master-pieces in every branch of poetry. Far be it from me to depreciate the light and sportive works of fancy; for though I wish for more Homers, I yet think Æsop and Anacreon cannot be too much admired.

Some will be astonished, and others offended, that I have taken for my subject a Scripture History. The latter, I will suppose, are somewhat advanced in years, and have, by being immersed in business, and the arduous task of growing rich, been prevented from looking into new books: these have a zeal for the honour of their religion, and retain all the prejudices they imbibed in their youth against poetry, having drawn their knowledge of that divine art from specimens, which, a very few excepted, were neither worthy to be known or valued. A poet, in the times of their youth, was esteemed, even by sensible Germans, only as a droll fellow, a kind of buffoon. But to those who have perused the Bible with so little sense of it's beauties, as to make a sin of this undertaking, I have nothing to say: they must be void of taste, and to reason with them would be as ridiculous as to carry a lantern before the blind. It is to those who are capable of reflection I would
now

now address myself. I would wish these to observe, that the works which made poets be considered in a contemptible light, were wrote in an age when poetry was in it's wretched declension, and far from it's original and genuine dignity. It has always been in the retinue of religion, and is of no small service to it, being the most energetic method of conveying sentiments of virtue and devotion. It affords a noble delight to the understanding; it improves the heart, and excites to whatever is becoming and praise-worthy. But to answer these salutary purposes, even when it relaxes and sports, it's wit must be decent and pure, and have a tendency to create a contempt for ribaldry and profaneness. Poetry of the loose kind I despise and detest from my very soul.

Under the conduct of prudence, virtue, and good-manners, poetry may be allowed to take it's subject from the great truths of our holy religion. What can be more proper for the exercise of genius than the sacred history? As Christians, we assent to it's truth; as Christians, we are all equally concerned in it's important events. The poet, if he has the happy art of illustrating the characters he draws from divine history with what is probable and pleasing, and placing them in an instructive view, will have an opportunity of conveying, in the clearest and most striking manner, the salutary influences of religion and piety into the hearts of all classes of men, and will be read with pleasure by people in every situation. If this be attempted by a head unequal to the task, such compositions, I allow, may do more harm than good: but is not this equally the case with all injudicious expositions?

This liberty with the sacred history has been used in all nations; and among us, even at the time of the Reformation, none took umbrage at the dramatic pieces taken from the Scriptures: these were publicly allowed, though their principal merit was the good intention of their authors, the poetry being far from elegant.

But a new objector starts up, and cries—'At this rate the Bible will become a mere fable.' I would ask him, if this has been the fate of profane history? Homer and Virgil took the subject of their poems from ancient history; but who ever thought of adjusting those histories by their poems? or who ever, in reading their works, imagined them to be historians, or considered them in any other light than as poets?

There is yet another numerous class of people to whom I must pay my court: these are they who are too excessively polite to relish heroes who have a sense of piety; who talk of religion, who are serious, and affect neither raillery nor wit. Characters drawn from those exhibited in the days of thinking, must make a strange appearance to these sons of fashion. Such manners! Such conversation! To them my heroes will appear as odd creatures as those of Homer did to the French, who were offended that they were not Frenchmen. To these slaves of mode I would whisper it as a secret, that, being myself young, and, like them, fond of applause, I will, in order to obtain their suffrages, which are of mighty importance to my happiness, give this subject a new dress. I will introduce an amorous intrigue; for what is an epic poem without a love adventure? Abel shall be a languishing petit maitre; Cain, a rough captain of the Cossacks; and nothing shall come from the lips of Adam, that is not in character from an hoary Frenchman, hackneyed in the ways of the world.

T H E

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE work from which this is attempted is wrote by Mr. Gessner, of Zurich in Swisserland. The rapidity of the sale does honour to the taste of the Swifs and the Germans, it having passed through three editions in one year.

The subject is the Death of Abel, which is the most remarkable event recorded in the sacred history from the Fall to the Deluge. The poet has had the art to interest us in the distresses of our first parents and their immediate descendants, by the lively and affecting manner in which he manages the passions, and by the graces and truth he throws into his paintings, while he describes the simple manners of the first inhabitants of the earth.

All our author's works, of which this is the first that has been translated into English, are wrote in a kind of loose poetry, unshackled by the tagging of rhimes, or counting of syllables. This method of writing seems perfectly suited to the German language, and is of a middle species between verse and prose: it has the beauties of the first, with the ease of the last. It is not however peculiar to Mr. Gessner; for in this manner the great Fenelon wrote his *Telemachus*, of which the public will soon be favoured with an elegant translation by the able hand of Dr. Hawkesworth.

Of this attempt I am not qualified to speak: were I to decry it, I should be deemed guilty of affectation; if sincere, I should be certainly arrogant and rude in offering it to the public, and to praise it would be presumption. But I will venture to say, that I flatter myself my copy has escaped any glaring deformity, though it may want many of the almost inimitable graces of the charming original. That painter must indeed be a dauber, who could make a disagreeable picture, while he attempted to copy a Raphael or a Titian. Such as it is, I leave it to the candour of the reader, believing that, notwithstanding the loud cry of universal depravity, no one will, without just cause, and in mere wantonness of cruelty, condemn the assiduous efforts of a female pen,

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE work from which this translation is taken by Mr. G. of Zurich is Switzerland. The results of the last census in the year of the Swiss and the German, it is a place in the Swiss cantons in the year.

I have translated the French of Abel, which is the most reliable and contains the last and most accurate results of the census. It is a work of great value in the hands of our statisticians and those who are interested in the progress of the Swiss people. In which the progress of the nation and the progress of the nation are shown in the progress of the nation. It is a work of great value in the hands of our statisticians and those who are interested in the progress of the Swiss people.

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THE
DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK I.

HENCEFORTH repose in silence, thou soft pipe; no more I render thee vocal, no more I chant the simple manners of the rustic swain. Fain would I raise my voice to bolder strains, and in harmonious lays rehearse the adventures of our primeval parents, after their dreadful fall. Fain would I celebrate him, who, sacrificed by a brother's fury, his dust first mingled with the earth. Come, thou noble Enthusiasm! that warmest and fillest the mind of the rapt poet, who, during the silent hours of night, contemplates in the gloom of the thick grove, or at the side of a clear stream glimmering with the moon's pale lamp; when seized by a divine transport, Imagination takes her flight, and with bold wing traversing the region of created substances, penetrates into the distant empire of Possibilities, discovering with clear view the marvellous that captivates, and the beautiful that enchants. Loaded with treasure, she returns to arrange and construct her various materials. Taught by reason to chuse and reject, she, with a wise œconomy, admits only what forms harmonious relations. Delightful employment! Laudable constancy! I honour the bard, who, to excite sentiments of virtue in the yielding heart, watches the nocturnal song of the grasshopper till the rising of the morning star. Posterity will crown the urn of a poet, who consecrates his talents to virtue and to inno-

cence: his name shall not be forgot; his reputation shall bloom with unfading verdure; while the trophies of the proud conqueror shall moulder in the dust, and the superb mausoleum of the tyrant shall stand unknown in the midst of a desert, where human feet have made no path. Few, it is true, who have ventured on these noble subjects, have received from nature the gift of singing well; but the attempt is laudable: to it I consecrate all my moments of leisure, and all my solitary walks.

The tranquil hours had just given Aurora the tint of the rose, and dispelled the vapours of night that had hovered over the shadowy earth, while the sun, beginning to dart his first rays behind the black cedars of the mountains, tinged with radiant purple the half-enlightened clouds, when Abel and his beloved Thirza left their leafy couch, and repaired to a neighbouring bower, composed of interwoven jessamine and roses. The tenderest love and the purest virtue shone with mildest beams in the fine blue eyes of Thirza, and gave attractive graces to the carnation of her cheeks; while her fair locks, waving in ringlets on her snowy neck, and hanging with becoming negligence down her back, added to the beauty of her fine and delicate form. Thus she walked by the side of Abel, whose high forehead was shaded with ringlets of the palest brown, reaching no

lower than his shoulders. An air of thought and reflection was agreeably mixed with the sweet serenity of his looks, and he moved with the easy grace of an angel, who, charged with the gracious behests of the Most High, becomes visible to the enraptured saint in an human form; but the veil he assumes is of such ravishing beauty, that through it shines the angel. Thirza, with a look of affection, and a tender smile, cried—‘O my love! now the birds awake, and begin to chant their morning song, let me hear the hymn you yesterday sung in these smiling pastures: let me also join in the rapturous employment of praising the Lord. The melody of thy lips inspires my heart with an holy transport, and nothing can charm me more than to hear thee utter, in proper terms, the sensations I feel, but am unable to express.’ Abel, tenderly embracing her, replied—‘My lovely Thirza, instantly I will grant thy request: I no sooner read thy wishes in thine eyes, than, with a lover’s haste, I strive to fulfil them.’ They then seated themselves in the fragrant bower, whose entrance was gilded by the morning sun, and Abel thus began—

‘Retire, O sleep from every eye! Fly, ye hovering dreams! Reason again resumes her throne; again she illumines the mind, as the morning sun enlightens the fertile earth. We hail thee, resplendent sun, who dartest thy beams from behind the cedars; thy friendly rays give light and colour to re-animated nature, and every beauty smiles with new-born graces.

‘Retire, O sleep, from every eye! Fly, ye hovering dreams, to the shades of night! Where are now the shades of night? They have fled to the caves of the rocks; they wait us in the thick grove; we shall find them there, and be refreshed by their coolness during the sultry heat of noon. See where the new-born day first wakes the eagle; where, on the glittering summits of the rocks, and the shining sides of the mountains, the exhalations ascend and mix with the pure air of the morning, as the smoke of burnt-offerings arise from the altar. Thus nature celebrates the returning light, and pays to nature’s God the sacrifice of grateful praise. Praise Him all things that exist; praise Him whose wisdom and goodness produced and preserves all.

‘Ye springing flowers, exhale the sweets He gave you in His praise. Ye winged inhabitants of the grove, pour forth the warbling of your little throats to Him who gave you voice and melody; while the majestic lion pays Him honour with the terrors of his mouth, and the caverns of the rocks resound His praise. Praise God, O my soul! praise God the Creator and Preserver. Let the voice of man reach Thy throne, O Lord! before that of Thy other creatures. In the grey twilight, at the dawn of the morning, while the birds and beasts yet sleep, may my solitary song find acceptance, and invite the reviving creation to praise Thee, the Creator and Preserver. How magnificent are thy works, O God! Wisdom and goodness are stamped on all. Wherever I turn my eyes, I perceive the traces of Thy bounty; each sense is transported, and conveys their infinite beauties to my ravished mind. O God! weak and frail as I am, fain would I attempt Thy praise. What induced Thee, Maker Omnipotent, for ever happy in Thyself, to call from nothing this gay creation? What induced Thee, thou Self-existent, to form man out of the dust, and to give him the breath of life? It was Thine infinite goodness: Thou gavest him being, that Thou mightest confer on him happiness. O smiling morn, n thee I see a lively image of the work of the great Creator. When the sun disperses the vapours of the earth, and drives night before his steps, all nature revives with renewed lustre. The Almighty spoke; darkness fled, and silence heard His voice: He commanded, and myriads of living creatures emerged from the teeming earth, fluttered in the air with variegated plumage, and rendered the astonished woods vocal with the praises of the beneficent Creator. Earth again hears the voice of her Almighty Maker: the heaving clods rise in innumerable shapes, and burst into life and motion. The new-formed horse bounds o’er the verdant turf, and neighing shakes his mane: while the strong lion, impatient to free himself from the cumbersome earth, attempts his first roaring. A hill teems with life; it moves; it bursts, and from it stalks the huge unwieldy elephant. These are Thy works, O Thou Omnipotent! Each
“ morn

' morn Thou callest Thy creatures from
 ' sleep, the image of non-existence; they
 ' awake surrounded by Thy bounties,
 ' and join unanimous to chant Thy
 ' praise. The time will come, when Thy
 ' praise shall resound from every corner
 ' of the peopled earth; when Thine al-
 ' tars shall blaze on every hill, and man
 ' shall celebrate Thy wondrous works
 ' from the rising to the setting day.'

Thus sang Abel, seated by his beloved
 Thirza. He ceased; yet she, filled with
 a divine transport, seemed still to hear.
 At length, encircling him in her snowy
 arms, while her eyes beamed tenderness,
 she cried—' O my love! the music of thy
 ' lips raises my mind to God. Thy
 ' endearing care not only protects my
 ' feeble body, but under thy direction
 ' my soul itself takes her flight: thou
 ' art her guide, amidst the obscurity of
 ' doubt and darkness: thy wisdom dis-
 ' sipates the clouds, and turns her as-
 ' tonishment into devout extasy. How
 ' often have I, inspired by gratitude,
 ' rendered thanks to God Most High,
 ' for having created me for thee, and
 ' thee for me. O my love! unanimous
 ' in every wish, we were formed to bless
 ' each other.'

While she spoke, conjugal tenderness
 diffused inexpressible graces on every word
 and every gesture. Abel remained silent;
 but his softened look, while he snatched
 her to his bosom, and the tear just start-
 ing from his glistening eye, spoke unut-
 terable love. Thus happy was man,
 thus pure his delights. The fruitful
 earth refreshed and fitted him for action
 by her bounties. Contented with neces-
 saries, he asks of Heaven only virtue and
 health. Luxury and discontent had not
 yet filled him with insatiable desires,
 which, inventive of numberless wants,
 bury happiness under a load of splendid
 miseries. An union of heart then form-
 ed the nuptial tie. No fear of wasting
 penury, or the frown of a tyrannic pa-
 rent; no low ambition; no want of lands
 or gold; then kept the soft maid from
 the fond bosom of the youth she loved.
 These cares are thy gifts, O Luxury!

Abel and Thirza were still seated,
 when Adam and Eve entered the bower.
 They had listened with delight to the song
 of Abel, and had heard Thirza vent the
 effusions of her fondness. They now
 tenderly embraced their children, while
 their hearts expanded with parental af-

fection, and a lively joy glowed on their
 cheeks.

Mahala, Cain's spouse, had followed
 the footsteps of her mother, and had been
 witness of the happiness of her brother
 and sister. Her pure mind was free from
 envy, baleful passion! yet dejection sat
 on her countenance, a mild languor ap-
 peared in her eyes, sorrow had faded the
 bloom once seen on her now pallid cheek.
 She had heard Thirza express her grati-
 tude to Heaven for having been created
 for Abel, and he for her. Their mu-
 tual tenderness forced tears from her eyes,
 and sighs from her pained bosom, while
 sad remembrance drew the comparison
 between the two husbands. But soon
 she wiped away the pearly drops, and
 with a graceful smile entered the bower,
 where, with cordial affection, she saluted
 her brother and sister.

At the same time Cain, passing by the
 fragrant shade, had heard Abel's melo-
 dious voice, and had beheld his delighted
 father tenderly embrace him. At this
 sight envy fixed her envenom'd sting in
 his heart, and he, giving a furious look
 at the bower, cried—' What signs of
 ' joy are here! What fond caresses! I
 ' too might sing, were my days, like
 ' his, spent in idly reclining in the shade,
 ' while the flocks were sporting, or crop-
 ' ping the green herbage. But I am
 ' not made for singing. Rugged labour
 ' is my inheritance. Though I turn the
 ' glebe; though I break the stubborn
 ' earth, curst for my father's sin with
 ' barrenness, yet my fatigues meet no
 ' such fond rewards. Did my soft bro-
 ' ther but toil, like me, one day beneath
 ' the scorching sun, 'twould spoil his
 ' music; he'd trill no songs.—What
 ' more embraces! How I hate this effe-
 ' minate dalliance! But, if that fair youth
 ' be pleased, no matter what I hate.'

Cain then with hasty step walked on.
 He had been overheard, and his discon-
 tent had filled the happy family in the
 bower with deep concern. Mahala be-
 came still more pale, and dissolving in
 tears, sunk down by the side of Thirza;
 while Eve, reclining on her husband,
 lamented the obduracy of her first-born.
 ' O my much-loved parents! cried Abel,
 ' I will follow my unhappy brother: I
 ' will embrace him, and say whatever
 ' fraternal love can dictate, to engage
 ' his affection: I'll try every art of per-
 ' suasion, to make him forget his anger:

'I will not leave him till he promises to love me. I have searched into the very bottom of my soul, to know by what means I may regain, and find a way to his heart. Sometimes I have kindled his extinguished love; but, alas! too soon the gloom returns, and sullen sadness damps the sacred flame.'

With troubled look, Adam answered—'I myself, my beloved Abel, will go to your brother. Reason and paternal love shall unite their force to combat his obduracy: he will not, surely, resist the authority and tenderness of an afflicted father.—O Cain, Cain, with what torturing cares dost thou fill my heart! The tumult of tyrannic passions has chased from thy soul every sentiment of benevolence and virtue.—O sin! fatal sin! terrible is the desolation thou spreadest in the human breast. What gloomy presages torture my sad bosom, when I look through futurity, and behold thy ravages among my unhappy offspring!' Thus spoke the father of mankind. Grief sat heavy on his venerable brow. He left the bower, and with hasty step sought his first-born.

Cain beheld him coming, and, ceasing from his labour, thus began—'What means this sternness in my father's look? It was with no such air of severity thou camest to embrace my brother. Why do thine eyes reproach me?'

'Thou wouldst not, my son, have read reproach in mine eyes,' returned Adam, 'wert thou not conscious thou deservedst it. Yes, Cain, thou deservest reproach, and thy offended father is come to thee in all the bitterness of grief.'

'Without any love,' interrupted Cain; 'that sensation is reserved for Abel.'

'With love also,' resumed Adam: 'Heaven is my witness, I love thee with a father's fondness. These tears, these inquietudes and anxious cares that agitate me, and no less her who brought thee forth with pain, have their source in the most affectionate love. It is this tender love, and concern for thy happiness, that casts a gloom over our days. It is this love that causes the silence of the night to be interrupted by our sighs and lamentations. O Cain, Cain! didst thou love us, it would be thy most earnest care

to dry up our tears; and to dispel that cloud of grief which darkens our days, and fills them with horror. Ah! if thou still retainest in thy breast any regard for the Omniscient Creator, to whom the inmost recesses of thine heart are open; if the least spark of filial love to us, thy parents, still remains in thine obdurate soul, I conjure thee by that regard, and that love, to restore to us our lost peace: restore, O my son! our extinguished joy. Nourish no longer against thy brother, against thy brother who loves thee with a sincere affection, this ruthless hatred. He longs to embrace thee. Gladly would he clear from thy mind the tares of discontent with which it is over-run. O Cain! thou wert my first-born, the beginning of my strength. When thine infant eyes opened to the light, I beheld thee with all the father in my heart. Wherefore then is thy soul disquieted? Why does envy dwell in thy bosom, because I rejoice too in thy brother? His refined and exalted piety drew from us tears of joy, and we in the sweet transport caressed him. The angels, who surround us, applaud every good action. The Almighty himself looks down from heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grateful offerings of a thankful heart. Wouldst thou change the invariable nature of beauty and goodness? This is not in our power; and if it were, Cain, how must we be deprived, before we could wish to withstand the noble joy, the tender, the exquisite feelings, that high-raised devotion and exalted virtue create in the enraptured soul! Darkness, storms, and the thunders of Heaven, call forth no gentle smile on the human countenance; as little do the agitations of boisterous passions cause joy to spring up in the human heart.'

Cain sternly answered—'Is reproach then all that I am to hear from a father's lips? If my face does not always wear a pleasing smile; if tears of tenderness do not follow each other down my cheek, am I for this to be branded with detestable vices? Born with more firmness, bold enterprises and severe toils have ever been my choice. Nature has stamped on my forehead a manly gravity. I cannot weep or smile at every trifle. Does
' the

‘ the towering eagle coo like the timorous dove?’

Adam, with majestic gravity, returned:—‘ Thou deceivest thyself; thou harbourest in thy bosom horrid sentiments that will rankle in thine heart, and render thee wretched, if they are not stifled. O Cain! it is no manly gravity that is stamped on thy brow; it is envy, sorrow, and gloomy discontent. These are seen in thine eyes; the disturbance of thy mind is visible in thy whole deportment. Thine inward dejection, O my son! has spread a cloud over all thy prospects. Hence arise thy continual murmurs, thy peevishness and passion during the labours of the day: hence thy unsocial aversion to us: hence the black melancholy to which thou art a prey. Tell, oh, tell thine affectionate father what will give thee ease! It is his ardent wish that thy days may pass serene as the vernal morn. What cause hast thou, O Cain! to be disquieted? Are not all the springs of happiness open to thee? Indulgent Nature offers to thee all her beauties. The good, the useful, the agreeable, are they not thine as well as ours? Why then dost thou leave the blessings of Heaven untasted, and complainest of wretchedness? Is it because thou art dissatisfied with the portion of happiness the Divine bounty has been pleased to bestow on fallen man? Is not every blessing the undeserved gift of infinite goodness? Dost thou envy the lot of angels? Know, that the angels were susceptible of discontent, and, by aspiring to become Gods, forfeited heaven. Wouldst thou arraign the dispensations of the Most High towards his sinful creatures? While the whole creation, in universal concert, praise the Creator, shall guilty man, a worm sprung from the mud, dare to lift up his head, and carp at Him whose infinite wisdom regulates the wide expanse of heaven; to whom all futurity is present, and who, by his unerring providence, can cause evil to be productive of good? Be cheerful, O my son! Cast far from thee this sadness and discontent: let it no longer disturb thy thoughts, no longer throw a frightful gloom over the natural serenity of thy countenance. Open thine heart to every social affection, and look with grateful complacency on all the innocent pleasures which Nature displays before thee.’

‘ What need of all these exhortations!’ cried Cain. ‘ Do not I know that, was my heart at ease, every thing around me would give me delight? But can I silence the storm, or bid the impetuous torrent flow in a placid stream? I am born of woman, and from my nativity sentenced to misery. On my unhappy head the Almighty has poured forth the cup of malediction. It is not for me Nature displays her beauties, nor do the streams of bliss, of which you take such plenteous draughts, flow for me.’

‘ Alas! my son,’ said Adam, with a voice rendered almost inarticulate by his strong emotions and his tears, ‘ ’tis but too true, that the Divine malediction was pronounced on all born of woman; but why, Oh! why should’st thou believe that God has poured on thee, our first-born, more of his wrath, than on us, the first transgressors? No, this is not, this cannot be the case: Sovereign Goodness contradicts it. No, my dear son, thou wert not born for misery; the beneficent Creator never called any of his creatures into being to render them unhappy. Man may, indeed, by his own folly, make himself wretched. If he suffers his reason to yield to impetuous passions, ignorant of true felicity, he may render his life a burden, and convert what is naturally good and salutary into a destructive poison. Thou canst not silence the storm, nor stop the rapidity of the torrent; but thou canst dispel the clouds of discontent that obscure thy reason, and restore to thy soul its original light. Thou canst force into subjection every impetuous passion, every irregular desire. Gain, O my son! this noble victory over thyself, and it will refine thy sentiments: thy whole soul will be illumined; darkness and distress will vanish like the mist of the dawn before the solar ray. There was a time, my dear son, when I have seen even thee shed tears: when, from the gratulations of conscience joy has spread itself through all thy powers; delightful fruit of virtuous actions! I refer it to thyself, Cain, wert thou not then happy? Was not thy soul, like the clear azure of the heavens, unclouded, unspotted. Recover that beam of the Deity, Reason: let her clear light direct thy steps, and Virtue, her inseparable companion, will restore joy and permanent felicity to thy purified heart.’

‘ Listen,

‘Listen, O Cain! and comply with the advice of thy father. The first injunction that Reason lays on thee is, to embrace thy brother. With what joy will he receive thy endearments! with what tenderness will he return them!’

‘Father,’ replied Cain, ‘when at the heat of noon I rest from my labour, I will embrace him. I cannot now leave the field. I promise I will obey thee, and embrace my brother: but—while I breathe, my firm soul will never be dissolved to that effeminate weakness that so endears him to you, and makes your eyes run over with transport. To a softness like this we all owe the curse denounced against us, when, in Paradise, you weakly suffered yourself to be overcome by a woman’s tears.—But what do I say? Dare I reproach my father? No, my venerable parent, I reverence thee, and am silent.’ Thus spake Cain, and returned to his labour.

Adam remained motionless, with his hands and eyes raised to Heaven. At length, in a tone of deep distress, he cried—‘O Cain, Cain! I have deserved these cutting reproaches: but shouldst thou not have spared thy father? Shouldst thou not have forborne this cruel charge which, like a clap of thunder, shakes my tortured soul? Ah, me! thus will my latest posterity, when, immersed in sin, they feel the pangs inseparable from guilt, rise up against my dust, and curse the first sinner.’

Having thus spoke, Adam, with pensive eyes fixed on the earth, slowly withdrew. The groans that burst from the agitated bosom of the afflicted father, now struck even this obdurate son with remorse, and he cried, gazing after him—‘What a wretch am I! How could I reproach so good, so tender a parent! How have I loaded him with grief! I still hear his groans.—I see him lift up his supplicating hands to Heaven.—Perhaps, vile as I am, he prays even for me; for me who have torn his heart with keen distress! Oh, that I too could pray! but I am a monster—Hell is in my bosom, and, like a ravaging whirlwind, I destroy the peace of all around me. Return, O Reason, return! Return, O Virtue! Chase from my troubled soul these wild and darkening passions!—Still—still he prays. Oh, how his emotions reproach me!—His clasped hands are again raised in agony.—He seems spent.—I will at his feet implore his

pardon. O my rash tongue—my rebellious heart!’

Cain then ran towards Adam, who was leaning against a tree, with his weeping eyes fixed on the ground. He threw himself on the earth, and cried—‘Forgive me—forgive me, O my father! I deserve thou shouldst turn from me with abhorrence. I abhor myself; but, while I am thus humbled before thee in the dust—while I thus grasp thy knees, despise not my repentance—despise not my tears. My hardened heart resisted thine exhortations with a swollen pride: but, O my injured father! thy distress and thy groans have melted my obdurate soul. A beam from Heaven has enlightened my benighted mind. With unfeigned sorrow and deep contrition, I see my folly—I see my guilt—I know that I am unworthy of thy love. Yet, O my dear and venerable parent! reject not these penitential tears—reject not the sincere submissions of my heart. O my father! I implore pardon of God, of thee, and of my brother.’

‘Rise, my son, rise,’ cried Adam, affectionately embracing him, and raising him to his bosom: ‘the Most High, who dwelleth in the heavens, beholds with complacency these tears of repentance. Embrace me, my son, and receive thy joyful father’s forgiveness and cordial embrace. Blest time! happy hour! in which my son, my first-born, restores our tranquillity. O my child! joy, excess of joy, has weakened all my powers. Support me, my son, and let us hasten to thy brother, that my satisfaction may be completed, by beholding your mutual endearments.’

Adam, leaning on Cain, walked towards the pastures. Abel, with his mother and sisters, met them in the grove: they had followed Adam at a distance; they had seen his emotions, and, with delight, had beheld the repentance and tears of Cain. Abel, the moment he saw his brother, flew to him with open arms: he clasped them around him with a strenuous grasp, unable for some time to give vent, but from his eyes, to the sweet effusions of his heart. At length he cried—‘O my brother! my dear brother! thou then lovest me—lovest me with fondness! Let me hear thy lips pronounce that thou still lovest me, and my happiness will be complete.’—‘Yes, my brother,’ answered Cain, while he pressed him with a warm embrace,

‘I do,

‘ I do, indeed, sincerely love thee. May
 ‘ I hope thou wilt forgive my having so
 ‘ long imbittered thy days by my un-
 ‘ kindness, and the fury of my boiste-
 ‘ rous passions? I too, my brother, was
 ‘ unhappy; but reason, like the rapid
 ‘ flash of heaven, broke through the
 ‘ gloom, and has dispersed the baleful
 ‘ tempest. Never, Abel, never mayest
 ‘ thou remember my former darkneis!’

The delighted Abel, with encreased
 rapture, replied—‘ Never, my dear Cain!
 ‘ Be the past utterly forgotten! Who
 ‘ would dwell on the distressful illusions
 ‘ of a morning dream, when they might,
 ‘ like me, awake to real happiness, fur-
 ‘ rounded by multiplied delights. O my
 ‘ dear brother! words have not power to
 ‘ express my transports—to express the
 ‘ sweet joy with which my soul is filled,
 ‘ while I thus press thee, my friend! my
 ‘ brother! to my throbbing heart.’

Eve, who had with tender delight be-
 held the moving scene, sprang to her sons,
 and throwing her maternal arms around
 them both, while delicious tears of joy-
 ful sympathy ran down her cheeks, cried—
 ‘ O my sons! my dearly beloved chil-
 ‘ dren! never did I, since I have borne
 ‘ the tender name of mother, feel such
 ‘ exquisite, such rapturous sensations.
 ‘ The griefs which, like the weight of a
 ‘ cumbersome mountain, oppressed my
 ‘ soul, are now removed. My heart will
 ‘ no more be torn by the unhappy dis-
 ‘ agreement of those whom I carried in
 ‘ my womb, and nourished with my
 ‘ breast. I shall now see—transported
 ‘ I shall see, peace and harmony, joy and
 ‘ love, dwell among my happy offspring.
 ‘ As the fruitful vine is blessed by the
 ‘ thirsty labourer, when refreshed by it’s
 ‘ delicious fruit, so will my now united
 ‘ children bless me, as the instrument
 ‘ of their felicity. Let me, my sons,

‘ join you in this sweet embrace.—Let
 ‘ me too, my daughters, press you to my
 ‘ bosom.—With what joy do I parti-
 ‘ cipate in this unspeakable extasy, visi-
 ‘ ble in the faces of my dear children,
 ‘ and on that of my much-loved hus-
 ‘ band!’ She then turned towards Adam;
 her matron lip met his, while conjugal
 tenderness and parental love were seen
 blended in her still glistening eye.

The beautiful sisters, though silent,
 shared the general rapture. Mahala,
 Cain’s spouse, when disengaged from
 her mother’s fond embrace, said, while
 vivacity and joy sparkled in her altered
 features—‘ Let us, my dearest Thirza,
 ‘ chuse the fairest flowers to deck our
 ‘ bower, delightful seat of peace and
 ‘ happiness! We’ll strip the bending
 ‘ branches of their luscious load, to
 ‘ form the rich repast. This day, this
 ‘ happy day, we’ll consecrate to mirth
 ‘ and innocent festivity; indulging every
 ‘ virtuous transport, we’ll, with united
 ‘ hearts, welcome the new-born joy.’
 She then with nimble feet, followed by
 Thirza, ran to prepare the sweet refresh-
 ing banquet.

Adam and his spouse, attended by
 their sons, walked slowly on. Ere they
 had reached the bower, the active sisters
 had, with lavish hand, bespread the green
 carpet: fruits of various sorts offered
 their juices, while variegated flowers lent
 their odours, and cheered the eye with
 their bright tints. Their feast was ele-
 gant; but it was the elegance of nature:
 no darts of death, hid in rich sauces,
 struck with inhospitable blow the un-
 thinking guest. Contentment sat on
 every face; in every eye beamed sweet
 complacency. Social converse and
 unmixed delight gave rapidity to the
 flight of time, while the unheeded hours
 brought on mild evening.

THE
DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK II.

WHILE the first family of the world were in the bower, indulging domestic bliss, the father of mankind thus spoke: 'It is now, my children, you experience the delight of self-approbation. The recollection of a good action diffuses a pleasing serenity through the soul. Nothing, my sons, nothing but the practice of virtue can render us truly happy. Virtue makes us capable of the enjoyments of those pure spirits who surround the throne of God. While we follow the dictates of reason, while we enjoy with gratitude and love the blessings of nature, and have humble hope and confidence in God our Maker, we anticipate the delights of Heaven; but if we suffer our passions to degrade and subdue us, inquietude, distress and misery, will darken all our prospects: in vain will the heavens smile, in vain will the fruitful earth pour forth her bounties. Believe me, my dear children! believe a father, made wise by his own fatal experience, the joys of sin are followed by shame, sorrow, and bitter repentance.—O Eve!' continued Adam, 'once the dear partner of My distress, as now of my happiness, could we have thought, when with streaming eyes, and hearts torn with anguish, we took leave of Paradise, that so much felicity was to be found on earth? Never will the horrors of that dreadful hour be effaced from my mind.'—My father,' returned Abel, 'if the recital of past griefs will not be displeasing; if the recollection will not throw a gloom on this hour of reconciliation and joy, gladly would I hear from thee the events of thy life, from that fatal moment to the present time.'

All looked on Adam with the eye of expectation; all seemed pleased with the request of Abel, and the first of men

replied—'What, my children, can I refuse in this day of joyful gratulation? I will relate to you the principal occurrences of those times of affliction and grief, of consolation and mercy, when God, even that God whom we had offended, deigned to cheer by his promises fallen man.—Where, O Eve! dear companion in every woe and in every delight! shall I begin the interesting narrative? Shall it be from our first leaving the garden of God?—But I see thy tears already flow.'—My tears,' returned our general mother, 'are now those of devout thankfulness and humble love, not the bitter ones of shame, sorrow, and sad regret. Begin, dear Adam, at my taking a last look on the forfeited seat of bliss. In that dreadful moment, shame and remorse for the past, and agonizing fear for the future, raised such a conflict in my wretched bosom, that I sunk into thine arms, wishing for the immediate execution of a threatening that was to confound me with my original dust. What I then felt, permit me to describe. Thy tenderness for me will, I know, make thee pass too lightly over the melting scene.'

The angel of the Lord, on whose countenance shone benignity and soft compassion, was commissioned to drive us out of Paradise. He soothed us with gentle words, cheered us with promises, and bid us hope and put our trust in the clemency of our All-merciful Creator: but the sword in his hand flamed terrible. At Eden's gate he stopped. "I guard," said he, "this passage; no more must enter here aught that defiles." We were now travellers on the vast earth; Paradise was irretrievably lost; the country we crossed seemed one wide and dreary desert; no fruitful trees, no flowery shrubs,

shrubs, no fertile spot, cheered our sad eyes. Adam held my hand. I frequently cast despairing looks towards the seat of lost felicity, not presuming to raise my guilty eyes to the victim of my folly, and companion of my misery. Sorrow bent his head to the ground, and we walked on distressed and silent. Adam surveyed, with anxious eye, the uncultivated earth, then cast a pitying look at me, and, to soothe my overflowing sorrows, gently pressed me to his breast.

‘ We had ascended an high hill, and now going down the declivity, every step diminished our view of Eden: my heart was rent with agony, and my grief deprived me of motion. “ Now, now,” cried I, sobbing, “ I behold, for the last time, Paradise, my native soil: blest seat of innocence and joy, for the last time I behold thee! Ye flowers, once cultivated by my careful hand, who now enjoys your sweets? what eye is charmed with your bright colours? Ye trees, who now shall prop your loaded branches? who now shall taste your rich produce? — Delightful bowers, farewell—farewel, dear shades! no more shall these sad eyes behold your verdure, banished for ever from your sweet retreats! ’Twas there, dear partner of my sin and shame! thou asked of Heaven a help-mate, to double and to share thy bliss. Alas! thy prayer was granted, and thine own side produced thy ruin. Our Maker formed us pure and spotless. While innocent, the happy spirits, who behold the face of God, deigned with complacency to visit our blest abode: deigned to instruct us in our duty; to warn us of our danger. What are we now?—dreadful degradation! O Adam! thy perfidious wife has involved thee, by her seductions, in sin and sorrow. Yet, dear accomplice, to whom with awe I raise my pitying eyes, do not hate me! Thou hast a right to curse me—but, O dear spouse! if I may still call thee by that tender name, use it not! for thou art my sole support. By that God whom we have offended, by the cheering promises of his indulgent goodness, I conjure thee not to forsake me! All I request is, that I may follow and serve thee. I will watch thy looks—I will anticipate thy commands; happy, if my obedience, my weak services, gain from

thee a pitying smile, a look of soft compassion.”

‘ Here my strength and voice failed; I was sinking to the earth, but my dear husband caught me in his arms, and pressed me, with a look of affection, to his heart. “ O Eve!” he cried, “ whom I still, and always will, tenderly love, let us not heighten our keen distress by self-reproach. Our God, in the midst of punishment, has remembered mercy. He has softened his chastisements by his promises. Veiled as these promises are in a sacred obscurity, the Divine Goodness appears with sensible radiance, and we will hope in his mercy. We will not reproach ourselves—we will not reproach each other. O my dearest! had our God only consulted his just indignation, where should we both have been now? We will praise him for his goodness; our lips shall bless his name. Our voice shall only be heard in thanksgiving, humble supplications, and expressions of endearment and love. Our Judge is omniscient; with him there is no darkness. He sees the humiliation of our souls; he beholds our gratitude, our sincere contrition: he knows our weakness, and will accept of our feeble efforts to regain perfection. Embrace me, my dearest wife! Let us, by mutual tendernefs and acts of kindness, endeavour to alleviate our calamity.”

‘ Adam ceased speaking. His words and tender caresses gave ease to my oppressed heart, and strength and activity to my enfeebled limbs. We proceeded to the bottom of the hill, where we found a grove of poplars, which extended to the foot of a rock. Eve, then giving her husband a look of affection, was silent, and Adam thus continued.

‘ We advanced, my children, through the grove, and found in the rock a cavity that formed a grotto. “ See, dearest Eve,” said I, “ see the convenience offered us by nature: this grotto will afford us shelter, and this pure spring, that murmuring flows from it’s side, will slake our thirst. We’ll here prepare our lodging: but, my dearest wife, before we sleep, I must secure the entrance, to keep us from being surprized by nocturnal enemies.”—“ What enemies?” returned Eve, with emotion: “ What enemies have we to fear?”—“ Hast

"thou not remarked, my love," said I,
 "that the curse of our sin has fallen on
 "the whole creation? The hands of
 "friendship are broken between the ani-
 "mals, and the weak are now become
 "the prey of the strong. I have seen
 "a young lion pursue with fatal rage a
 "frighted roe. I have beheld a war in
 "the air among the birds. We can no
 "longer claim a right to command the
 "animals: the spotted leopard, the
 "brindled lion and fierce tyger, no more
 "fawn on us, nor play their wanton
 "gambols in our sight, but cast against
 "us frightful roarings, while their
 "blazing eyes threaten destruction. We
 "will try to gain, by our kindness, those
 "among the beasts that are most tract-
 "able, and Providence has given us rea-
 "son, which will teach us to secure our-
 "selves from the most savage."

"Eve, with timid looks, keeping me
 "in her sight, went to gather flowers
 "and leaves to form our bed, and fruit
 "for our repast. In the mean time I
 "secured the entrance of the grotto with
 "entwined brambles. My spouse, hast-
 "ened by fear, quickly performed her
 "task, and returning, rested herself be-
 "fore me on the tender grass.

"We soon after entered the grotto,
 "and seating ourselves on our bed of in-
 "termingled leaves and flowers, began
 "our frugal meal, seasoned, however,
 "with mutual endearments and grateful
 "converse; when a gloomy cloud sud-
 "denly obscured the declining sun. It
 "spread over our heads with increasing
 "darkness, and the black veil which
 "covered the earth seemed to preface the
 "destruction of all nature. A tem-
 "pestuous wind arose; it bellowed in
 "the mountains; it overthrew the trees
 "of the forest: flames darted from the
 "clouds, and loud bursts of thunder
 "augmented the horrors of this tre-
 "mendous scene. Eve, struck with ter-
 "ror, threw herself, scarce breathing,
 "into my arms, and clinging to my
 "breast, cried—"He comes! he comes!
 "in flames he comes to bring the
 "threatened death! How dreadful!
 "For my sin he comes to give death to
 "us, and to all nature! O Adam! O
 "my love!" Here her voice failed, and
 "she remained trembling and pale on my
 "bosom. "Be calm, my love!" I
 "cried: "compose thyself! We will
 "with bended knees and contrite hearts
 "adore our God, who, in terrible ma-

"jesty, comes riding on the clouds,
 "His thunders proclaim his approach:
 "the darting fires mark his passage. O
 "Thou Eternal, who with benignity
 "and goodness tempered the insup-
 "portable radiance of Thy dignity,
 "when I first came from Thy creating
 "hand, Thou art terrible in judgment,
 "yet suffer us not to be consumed by
 "Thy wrath! Destroy us not, O God!
 "in Thy hot displeasure."

"We then prostrated ourselves at the
 "entrance of the grotto, and with pale
 "countenances and trembling lips, of-
 "fered up our adorations, expecting
 "when our awful Judge would from the
 "clouds pronounce by his thunders—
 "Die, ye ungrateful! and let the earth
 "that bore you be dissolved by the fire
 "of my indignation."

"The clouds now poured forth their
 "torrents: livid flames no longer flash-
 "ed from the heavens, and the thunder
 "rolled at a distance. I raised my head
 "from the ground, saying—"The Al-
 "mighty, my dear Eve, hath passed by.
 "He hath not destroyed the earth: we
 "are yet permitted to live. He hath re-
 "membered his promises. Eternal Wis-
 "dom, Everlasting Truth, repenteth not.
 "He will fulfil the designs of his mercy;
 "and thy seed, O Eve! shall bruise the
 "head of the serpent."

"We arose, and were comforted. The
 "heavens resumed their brightness, and
 "the setting sun spread a mild radiance
 "through the sky, like the luminous
 "track we used to behold in Eden, when
 "legions of angels were carried above
 "our heads on the flying clouds. Silence
 "reigned over the moist fields: the herb-
 "age and flowers, still glittering with the
 "drops of Heaven, glowed with more
 "than usual beauty. The departing
 "sun darted on us his last beams, while
 "we celebrated with reverential awe, and
 "thankful love, the wisdom, power and
 "mercy, of our Creator.

"Thus passed the first day after our
 "leaving Paradise. The ruddy evening
 "gave place to the grey twilight, and
 "soon the earth was only enlightened by
 "the moon's feeble rays. We now, for
 "the first time, were chilled by the cold
 "of the night, though a few hours be-
 "fore we had almost fainted under the
 "ardent rays of the scorching sun at
 "noon. Our beneficent Maker had con-
 "descended to gird our loins with the
 "skins of beasts, before our leaving Pa-
 "radise

radise, to shew that He had not withdrawn from us His succouring hand; in these we wrapped ourselves, and lying down on our leafy bed, hand in hand, waited the approach of sleep.

Sleep, the relief of the weary, at length came; but it was unaccompanied with that soft ease, that sweet delight, which blest our slumbers while innocent. Our imagination then presented none but smiling and agreeable images: inquietude, fear, and remorse, did not then keep us waking the tedious hours of darkness, nor mingle in our dreams with fantastic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our rest was undisturbed: but, oh! how different from that delicious night when I led thee, my spouse, for the first time, to the nuptial bower? The flowers and odoriferous shrubs charmed with new sweetness. Never was the warbling of the nightingale so harmonious: never did the pale moon shine with such radiance!—But why do I dwell on images that awaken my grief, now hushed to silence?

We slept till the morning sun had dried up the limpid dew. When we awoke, we found ourselves refreshed and fitted for labour, and enjoyed with delight and gratitude the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating, with their sweetest notes, the renewed light. Their number was yet but small; for there were then no other animals on this earth, but those who, instructed by divine instinct, had after the fall fled from Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be defiled by death.

We offered up our adorations at the entrance of the grotto; after which I said to Eve—"We will, my love, go farther, and view this immense country: our All-merciful God has given us liberty of choice. We may fix our abode where the earth is most fertile; where nature is most profuse of her beauties. Seest thou, Eve, that river, which, like a huge serpent, winds in bright slopes through the meadows. The hill on it's bank seems, at this distance, like a garden full of trees, and it's top is covered with verdure."—"My dear spouse," returned Eve, pressing my hand to her bosom, "I shall follow with delight the steps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will pursue our walk towards the hill."

We were going on, when we saw, just above our heads, a bird fly with

feeble wing: it's feathers were rough and disordered: it cast forth plaintive cries, and, having fluttered a little in the air, sunk down without strength among the bushes. Eve went to seek it, and beheld another lie without motion on the grass, which that we had before seen seemed to lament. My spouse, stooping over it, examined it with fixed attention, and in vain tried to rouse it from what she believed to be sleep. "It will not wake!" said she to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand—"It will not wake! —It will never wake more!" She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said—"Alas! the poor bird that pierced my ears with his cries was perhaps thy mate. It is I!—it is I! unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin these pretty harmless animals are punished." Her tears redoubled. "What an event!" said she, turning to me. "How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion: it's joints no longer bend: it's limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death? Ah! it is.—How I tremble! An icy cold runs through my bones. If the death with which we are threatened is like this, how terrible!—What, dearest Adam! would become of me, if, like the feathered mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? Should God create another Eve to fill my forfeit place in thy loved bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment!"—Unable to say more, she wept, she sobbed, and her expressive eyes, tenderly fixed on mine, made my feeling heart partake her anguish. I pressed her to my breast; kissed her cheek, and mixed my tears with her's. "Cease, dearest Eve!" I cried, "these fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in the Supreme Being, who governs all His creatures by His infinite wisdom! Though we cannot penetrate into the designs of His providence; though His majestic tribunal is surrounded by darkness; we may rest assured, that mercy and love remain near his throne. Why, my love, should we anticipate misfortunes? Why should we, guided by a gloomy imagination, seek for them in futurity? Was our reason given us only to make us wretched? Shall

“ we ungratefully turn our eyes from
 “ the repeated instances of the loving-
 “ kindness and tender mercy of our God,
 “ at the hazard of plunging ourselves in
 “ misery by our blindness. It is His
 “ wisdom, and His goodness, that regu-
 “ late and appoint what shall befall us.
 “ Let us, with humble confidence, pro-
 “ ceed under his direction, and devoutly
 “ acquiesce in his appointments, without
 “ seeking to know what he hath not con-
 “ descended to reveal.”

“ We now advanced to the eminence.
 “ It’s gentle ascent was almost covered
 “ with bushes and fertile shrubs. On the
 “ summit, in the midst of fruit-trees,
 “ grew a lofty cedar, whose thick branches
 “ formed an extensive shade, which was
 “ rendered more cool and delightful by a
 “ limpid brook, that ran in various wind-
 “ ings among the flowers. This spot
 “ afforded a prospect so immense, that the
 “ sight was only bounded by the dusky
 “ air; the sky forming a concave around
 “ us, that appeared, wherever we turned, to
 “ touch the distant mountains. “Here,”
 “ said I, “ my dearest love, we will fix our
 “ abode. This spot is a faint shadow of
 “ Paradise, whose blissful bowers we must
 “ never more behold.—Receive us, ma-
 “ jestic cedar, under thy shade!—Ye trees
 “ of various taste and hue, refresh and
 “ sustain us with your delicious fruits!—
 “ Never shall we gather the sweet produce
 “ without gratitude: it shall be the re-
 “ ward of our attentive care and laborious
 “ cultivation.—O God Omnipotent, who
 “ reignest in Heaven, look with a propi-
 “ tious eye on this our dwelling! Lend
 “ an ear of compassion to the supplica-
 “ tions, receive with favour the praises,
 “ and thanksgivings, which we, Thy frail
 “ offending creatures, shall never cease to
 “ send up towards Thy celestial throne,
 “ through the spreading branches of these
 “ trees!—Here, my dearest wife, we shall
 “ obtain, by the sweat of our brows, our
 “ support. Under these shades thou shalt
 “ bring forth with pain. From hence
 “ will our offspring spread themselves
 “ over the wide earth. Here too, death
 “ shall one day visit us, and we shall be
 “ confounded with our original dust.—
 “ O Lord God, our Maker, shower down
 “ Thy blessings on the profane abode of
 “ us sinners!” While I thus uttered the
 “ devout breathings of my soul, Eve was
 “ prostrate on the earth by my side: her
 “ hands were elevated, her eyes swam
 “ in tears, and were raised towards Hea-
 “ ven in holy extasy.

“ I now began to construct our habi-
 “ tation under the shade of the spreading
 “ cedar. I fixed in the earth a circle of
 “ strong stakes, and interwove them with
 “ flexible twigs. While I was thus em-
 “ ployed, Eve was conveying the stream
 “ among the flowers; gathering ripe
 “ fruits; supporting, with small sticks,
 “ the bending stalks of the variegated
 “ shrubs, and pruning their luxuriant
 “ branches. Then it was that we began
 “ to eat our bread by the sweat of our
 “ brows.

“ I went to the river to fetch reeds to
 “ cover our cottage: there I saw five
 “ ewes, white as the southern clouds, and
 “ with them a young ram, feeding by the
 “ side of the water. I approached them
 “ without noise, fearing they would fly
 “ me, like the tyger and the lion, who,
 “ before our fatal transgression used to
 “ play with the kid or the lamb at our
 “ feet. But, instead of endeavouring to
 “ escape me, they suffered me to stroke
 “ their fleeces, and I drove them before
 “ me with a reed to our hill, where I in-
 “ tended they should for the future feed.
 “ Eve was busied in erecting a bower,
 “ and did not, immediately on my re-
 “ turn, observe my little flock; but they
 “ soon discovered themselves by their
 “ bleating. She started at the sound, and
 “ dropped the boughs from her hand
 “ through fear; but soon recovering, she
 “ cried, with joy in her countenance—
 “ O Adam! they are gentle and fond as
 “ in Paradise.—Welcome, pretty ani-
 “ mals! ye shall live with us. All ye
 “ want is here. Ye need not stray; for
 “ here are flowery pastures, fragrant
 “ herbage, and a clear spring. Your
 “ innocent sporting will give us delight,
 “ while we attend our trees and flowers.
 “ Yes, harmless creatures!” she con-
 “ tinued, patting their woolly backs,
 “ ye shall be my flock, and I will be
 “ your indulgent mistress.”

“ Our little dwelling was now com-
 “ pleted, and we were enjoying the cool
 “ breezes at it’s entrance, and silently sur-
 “ veying the distant country, when Eve
 “ said—“ My dearest love, how beauti-
 “ fully is the prospect before us varie-
 “ gated! How fertile, how full of blef-
 “ sings, is this earth, which we thought
 “ so barren! Let us, to the fruits and
 “ flowers which the hill already yields,
 “ add those that grow on it’s borders,
 “ and our abode will have a faint re-
 “ semblance of Eden’s delightful shades.
 “ Ah!” she added with a sigh, “ it will
 “ then

“ then bear but the same proportion of
 “ likeness to Paradise, as that does to
 “ the blissful seats of the angels, which
 “ the heavenly messengers, who in our
 “ happy days of innocence, condescend-
 “ ed to visit us, described in such glow-
 “ ing colours.—O! thou garden of the
 “ Lord, how delightful were thy sweet
 “ retreats! how did thy gay tints charm
 “ the eye! how did thy luscious fruits,
 “ thy aromatic fragrance, feast the senses!
 “ Whatever necessity required; all the
 “ useful, all the agreeable, were there
 “ in rich profusion.—O my spouse!
 “ compared with that luxuriant spot,
 “ what is all about us but dry sterility?
 “ This earth, under the Divine male-
 “ diction, seems unable to produce, in
 “ the same lands, that sweet variety, that
 “ happy diversity, that charmed us in
 “ Eden’s bowers. We must now seek
 “ the different productions in distant
 “ places. I have seen too, that not only
 “ animals are the prey of Death: he
 “ stretches his wide domain; he tyran-
 “ nizes over the whole earth, and makes
 “ rude havock in the world of vegeta-
 “ tion. O, Adam! what fruits have
 “ I beheld drop from their branches,
 “ spoilt, and full of black rottenness!
 “ what flowers wither on their stalks!
 “ The trees are disrobed of their ver-
 “ dure by the despoiler Death. I have
 “ observed too, that young leaves sup-
 “ ply the place of those that are fallen,
 “ and that the seeds of dead flowers,
 “ cast into the earth, produce new ones.
 “ We, Adam, must thus one day with-
 “ er and die, and our children shall
 “ successively grow up and flourish.”
 “ She ceased speaking; and I, deeply
 “ affected by her words, made answer—
 “ Dear Eve! were our loss only the gay
 “ verdure, the fruits and flowers of Pa-
 “ radise, it would scarce deserve a sigh:
 “ but, alas! we are expelled from the
 “ sacred spot which our Maker blessed
 “ by his immediate presence. There,
 “ veiling his insupportable radiance,
 “ he walked among the groves, while all
 “ Nature celebrated the approach of the
 “ Deity in reverential silence. Though
 “ formed of the dust, my prostrations
 “ were accepted. The Almighty con-
 “ descended to hear his creature, and
 “ vouchsafed to answer, with benignity,
 “ a frail worm. Alas! we have, by our
 “ disobedience, lost this privilege: guilt-
 “ y as we are, we can no more hope to
 “ converse with Infinite Purity. This,

“ this calls for our lamentations and our
 “ tears. Will the God of heaven visit
 “ a land under his curse? Will the
 “ Most Holy dwell among sinners? He
 “ looks down from the seats of bliss;
 “ he regards, with an eye of compassion,
 “ our penitence and tears, and his
 “ bounties exceed every hope our
 “ wretchedness could form. Even the
 “ bright spirits of heaven are his mes-
 “ sengers; they execute his orders on
 “ this dark globe; but, alas! our pol-
 “ luted eyes are now unworthy to be-
 “ hold them! They perform the task
 “ assigned, without deigning to become
 “ visible to sinful man, and then soar,
 “ with hasty wing, from this seat of
 “ corruption, now fit only to be the re-
 “ sidence of beings under the curse of
 “ their Sovereign.”

“ Thus were we holding converse, and
 “ casting our melancholy eyes on the
 “ country before us, when a resplendent
 “ cloud descending, glided towards us,
 “ and rested on our hill. From it stepped
 “ a radiant form, wearing on his face a
 “ majestic smile. We hastily arose; we
 “ bowed our heads, and the celestial mes-
 “ senger thus spoke—“ He whose throne
 “ is in the highest Heaven has heard
 “ your complaints. “ Go,” said he,
 “ and inform those children of affliction,
 “ that My presence is not circumscribed
 “ by the circuit of heaven; it extends
 “ to all the works of my hands. Whence
 “ has the sun it’s invigorating heat?
 “ Who teaches the stars to run their
 “ courses? Why does the earth bring
 “ forth it’s fruit, and day and night reg-
 “ ularly succeed each other? Who pre-
 “ serves the various animals? In Me
 “ they live, move, and have their being.
 “ What keeps thee, Adam, from sink-
 “ ing into corruption? I am near thee;
 “ I sustain thee by My power; I guard
 “ thee by My providence; and know
 “ the secret breathings of thy soul, and
 “ all the purposes of thine heart.”

“ The luminous sphere, that encom-
 “ passed the angel, reached even to me.
 “ Filled with devout extasy, I lifted up
 “ to him my dazzled eyes. “ How great,
 “ beyond conception,” said I, “ are
 “ the favours of the Lord! He beholds
 “ our wretchedness with compassion: he
 “ sends His angels to give us comfort.
 “ O effulgent spirit! I stand confounded
 “ and abashed before thee. How shall
 “ I, sinful man that I am, dare to speak
 “ to thee, the unoffending messenger of
 “ Heaven,

" Heaven, arrayed in light and purity ?
 " Yet, O benevolent angel ! permit me
 " to mention the sad apprehensions and
 " fears that oppress my heart. That
 " God is every where present, I readily
 " believe. I see him in his works : I
 " feel him in his goodness and tender
 " mercies. That the Most High, a
 " Being perfect in purity, should more
 " intimately communicate himself to a
 " worm defiled with sin, I do not pre-
 " sume to expect. What I dread is,
 " that when man shall be multiplied on
 " the earth, he will be estranged from
 " God his maker. I have fallen, my
 " children may also fall—fall into more
 " horrid depths, and thus, being more and
 " more debased, their wretchedness will
 " increase. The time will come, when
 " I shall be no longer with them, to in-
 " form them, and give, in my own person,
 " evident proofs of the loving-kindness
 " and compassion of the Lord. 'Tis
 " true, the smallest insect will declare
 " His beneficence : but if God contin-
 " ues to hide His face from man, will
 " not the voice of Nature be too weak
 " to strike his mind ? Will not the idea
 " of the Deity be totally lost, or, at
 " least, confounded in darkness and ob-
 " scurity ? This thought gives my fore-
 " boding heart exquisite anguish. I
 " tremble with horror, when my gloomy
 " imagination represents to my view
 " millions of creatures sunk in distress
 " and guilt, who may execrate me as
 " the cause of their blindness and mi-
 " sery."

" Father of men," replied the angel,
 " with aspect benign, " He, in whom,
 " and by whom, all things exist, will
 " not forsake thine offspring. Often
 " will they, by their transgressions, pre-
 " sumptuously affront the Majesty of
 " heaven. Often will their sins cry
 " aloud for vengeance. The Almighty
 " will grasp His thunder, and display
 " the terrors of His judgments. The
 " guilty shall tremble in the dust : the
 " sinner shall cry out in agony—
 " Dreadful is the wrath of God ! who
 " can stand before it ?" But more often
 " will He make Himself known in kind-
 " ness : He will delight to shew favour
 " to the repenting children of men.
 " Mercy and compassion dwell always
 " with Him ; judgment is His strange
 " work. He will raise from among thy
 " posterity men whose minds He will
 " enlighten. They, assisted by the Spi-

" rit of God, shall call their brethren
 " to repentance. Sinners shall hearken,
 " and forsaking the ways of sensuality
 " and profaneness, shall worship a Be-
 " ing of spotless purity, in spirit and in
 " truth. He will send among them
 " prophets and holy persons, whose
 " mission he will evidence by miracles :
 " these chosen of the Lord shall cure
 " the diseased, raise the dead, and do
 " many wonderful works. These shall
 " make known the judgments of the
 " Most High : they shall declare his
 " condescension and grace ; they shall
 " foretell what will happen in distant pe-
 " riods of time, and the accomplish-
 " ment of their prophecies will teach
 " men that the Eternal over-rules and
 " directs, according to His good plea-
 " sure, and the merciful designs of His
 " providence, events that appear, to
 " short-sighted mortals, the work of a
 " blind chance. Often will He speak
 " to the sons of men by His angels ;
 " frequently in prodigies ; and there
 " will be some righteous persons to
 " whom He will, with infinite good-
 " ness, more intimately manifest Him-
 " self : to them He will speak face to
 " face ; till at length shall be ushered in
 " the great mystery of the salvation of
 " mankind, when the seed of the wo-
 " man shall bruise the serpent's head."

" The angel was silent, and I, en-
 " couraged by the condescension and
 " sweetness of his look, replied—" O
 " celestial friend ! if thou wilt yet allow
 " me, frail as I am, to call thee so ; and
 " why should I doubt it ! since thou
 " canst not hate him whom the Eternal
 " does not hate—him for whom the
 " Divine clemency manifests itself with
 " such splendor as strikes the heavenly
 " host with admiration, and surpasses
 " the power of words to express, when
 " the adoring soul, humbled in the dust,
 " attempts to pour forth it's gratitude
 " Tell me, lucid spirit, if it be permitted
 " thee to draw from the obscurity, with
 " which they are surrounded, those au-
 " gust mysteries—tell me, what is the
 " import of the promise—" The seed of
 " the woman shall bruise the serpent's
 " head : " and what is meant by the
 " cursedenounced against man—" Thou
 " shalt die. "—" Nothing that the Most
 " High permits me to reveal," answer-
 " ed the angel, " will I hide from thee.
 " Know then, O Adam ! on thy
 " transgressing the Divine command,
 " God

" God said to the happy spirits who
 " worship before Him—"Man hath dis-
 " obeyed Me; he shall die!" A dense
 " cloud suddenly encompassed the eter-
 " nal throne, and a deep silence reigned
 " through the whole expanse of Heaven:
 " the celestial host were filled with con-
 " sternation; but soon the darkness dis-
 " persed, and the praise of the Highest
 " again resounded from the harps of
 " angels. Never did God manifest Him-
 " self with such lustre and magnificence,
 " but in that memorable instant when
 " His creative voice called the stars from
 " non-existence, and His almighty word
 " went on creating through the immen-
 " sity of space. The adoring angels
 " were in eager expectation of what was
 " to follow this unusual pomp, when the
 " majestic voice of God sounded through
 " the arch of Heaven, uttering these
 " words of benignity and grace—"I
 " will not withdraw My favour from
 " the sinner. To My infinite mercy the
 " earth shall bear witness. Of the wo-
 " man shall be born an Avenger, who
 " shall bruise the head of the serpent.
 " Hell shall not rejoice in this victory.
 " Death shall lose its prey.—Ye hea-
 " vens, shew forth your gladness!"
 " Thus spake the Eternal. The blaze
 " of his glory would have been too strong
 " for even the eyes of archangels, had
 " not a thin cloud tempered it's insup-
 " portable radiance. The blest inha-
 " bitants of heaven celebrated with
 " joy this great mystery, and attuned
 " their golden harps to the praises of the
 " Father of Spirits, whose tender mer-
 " cies are over all His works. How
 " God will pardon the sinner, without
 " offending His justice, surpasses com-
 " prehension; but it is enough, Eternal
 " Truth hath said it. We know, and
 " thou mayest also rest assured, that
 " Death, having lost his power, can only
 " disengage the soul from it's bonds.
 " The body, that vesture of earth, shall
 " return to the dust, of which it was
 " formed, while the immortal spirit, re-
 " fined from all defilement, shall be
 " raised to Heaven, to partake there,
 " with angels, archangels, and all the
 " celestial host, never-ending felicity.
 " Hear, Adam, the order of thy God!
 " I will be gracious to thee, and to thy
 " seed. There shall be a sign between
 " me and thee, as the seal of this great
 " promise: thou shalt build an altar on
 " this hill, and offer on it a young lamb:

" I will, on My part, send down fire to
 " consume the victim. This sacrifice
 " thou shalt renew every year, and the
 " flame shall annually descend to burn
 " thine offering."

" I have now told thee, first of men,"
 continued the angel, " all that the
 " Most High thinks proper to reveal of
 " His inscrutable decrees. I am also
 " allowed to shew thee, that ye are not
 " so solitary on this globe as ye imagine.
 " Cursed as this earth is, ye are still sur-
 " rounded by pure spirits, who are com-
 " missioned to be your guard and de-
 " fence, and ordered to preside, with
 " watchful care, over the works of na-
 " ture." The angel then touching our
 " eyelids, we beheld beauties that I shall
 " not attempt to describe. No words
 " could give ideas that would do justice
 " to the bright magnificence of the scene.
 " All the country around us was peo-
 " pled with the children of Heaven,
 " more beautiful than Eve when she
 " first came from the hands of her Crea-
 " tor, and with soft reluctance, and
 " modest grace, received her welcome in
 " my arms.

" Some were employed in collecting
 " the light mists that issued from the moist
 " earth; they bore them upwards on their
 " expanded wings, and converted them
 " into mild dews and fertilizing showers.
 " Others lay reclined near purling brooks,
 " watching lest their sources should fail,
 " and the plants they watered be de-
 " prived of their humid aliment. Many
 " were dispersed through the open coun-
 " try, who presided over the growth of
 " fruits, and spread on the opening
 " flowers azure, green, and red, with
 " every vivid hue, and, by breathing on
 " them, impregnated them with fra-
 " grance. Some peopled the groves,
 " employed in various offices: from the
 " glittering wings of these were wafted
 " gentle breezes, which passing through
 " the foliage of the trees, hovered over
 " the flowers, and skimmed along the
 " surface of the brooks and lakes. Some
 " among these celestial labourers, hav-
 " ing performed the task assigned them,
 " were sitting in the shade, joining in
 " harmonious concert: the melody of
 " their voices accompanied the sounding
 " strings of their golden harps, and they
 " sang to the praise of the Most High,
 " hymns, not to be heard by mortal ears.
 " Not a few were walking on our hill,
 " and among our bowers: in their gentle

looks

“ looks I beheld commiseration of our distress, But now our eyes again became unable to behold the heavenly effulgence, and the rapturous scene disappeared.

“ These, which you have just beheld,” said the angel, “ are spirits commissioned to watch over the productions of the earth: they are the appointed assistants of Nature, and help to promote and compleat her various works, according to the invariable and immutable laws of the great First Cause. The Creator has given existence to innumerable orders of beings. Even this earth, though under the curse of the Most High, is full of beauty, and the admiring angels behold, on this globe, objects too sublime for mortal sight. The delightful employment of some of these children of heaven, is to watch over thy safety, O Adam! to avert from thee unforeseen misfortunes. They accompany thee in all thy ways: they assist thee in thy labours, and often turn even thy disappointments to thy advantage, bringing from an apparent evil a real good. They, with pleasure, behold thy domestic happiness. They are witnesses of thy most secret actions. A smile of benevolence shews their joy, when man, their charge, acts right: the frown of disdain and sorrow sits on their brow, when he forgets himself and his happiness. These, in future ages, the Lord will employ to distribute plenty through the countries: He will delight to bless, or to carry famine and desolation among rebellious nations, when it shall please Him to recal them by His chastisements.”

“ The angel ceased speaking. He cast on us a look of mild condescension, and was lost to our eyes in a shining cloud. We prostrated ourselves on the earth with devout extasy, and humbly offered up our thanksgivings to our Beneficent and All-merciful Creator.

“ I immediately set up the altar, as the Lord had commanded, on the summit of the hill: Eve employed herself in constructing around it a little paradise. She brought from the neighbouring plain the most beautiful and odoriferous flowers: these she planted on all sides of the altar, and, with cheerful labour, watered them, each morning and evening, from the clear

stream that flowed near our dwelling. “ O tutelar angels!” said she, in the midst of her labour, “ compleat the work of my hands; for, without your aid, in vain shall I plant, in vain shall I water! May your kind cares, bright spirits, give these flowers more life, more beauty, more fragrance, than they had in their native soil; for to the Lord of All this inclosure is consecrated! I planted a spacious circle of trees around the holy altar, and their thick branches spread an awful shade, that disposed the mind to devout contemplation.”

“ In these occupations we passed the summer, exposed each day to the scorching sun. Autumn arrived, and repaid our labour with it's various fruits. It drew near it's close: the loud blasts of the north began to be heard, and the tops of the mountains were covered with an hoar frost. Not then knowing that the weak earth, which was exhausted by the profuse liberality of summer and autumn, wanted to recover her strength by the rest of winter, we saw, with grief, the saddened face of nature. In Eden we knew no change of seasons: mild spring, gay summer, and plenteous autumn, charmed there together. As the winter advanced, the face of nature wore encroaching gloom: the flowers withered on their stalks, and if any yet survived around the altar, they seemed, with drooping heads, to mourn their approaching fall. The latest fruits fell from the trees, and the sapless branches cast their leaves. The clouds poured down torrents of rain, and the highest peaks of the mountains were covered with snow. We beheld this scene of desolation with fear and anxiety. “ Should this, my dearest Eve,” said I, “ be only the first effects of the curse pronounced against this earth, and God continues to punish, she will be stripped of the small remains of utility and beauty which her degradation has left her: small were they in comparison of the delights of Paradise; yet they were sufficient to soften our toil, and afforded us many of the conveniences and blessings of life; but, if the Divine malediction continues to spread destruction on this earth, how gloomy will be our days! What will become of our promised offspring?” Thus we mourned our melancholy

‘lancholy situation; but, encouraged by the promises of our God, we placed in Him an humble confidence. We endeavoured to console each other, and to drive from our minds every thought of murmuring or discontent, and thankfully adored the Lord, in the midst of the dreary horrors by which we were surrounded.

‘We laid up for our winter support those fruits that had escaped corruption and rottenness; and, that they might be still preserved, we dried them by the fire. I covered our cottage anew, and made a closer fence around, to keep out the cold and the rain. In the mean time our little flock languidly wandered on the eminence, gaining a scanty support by nipping the short grafs that still remained, or here and there sprung afresh; and I, for their farther relief, ranged the country to seek them fodder, which I carefully preserved, lest they should perish, if the rigours of winter increased.

‘Sad and slow passed our days, while the clouded sky poured forth rain, and the bleak winds chilled us with cold. But at length the genial sun re-animated the earth, and brightened the heavens, while gentle winds chased the moist fogs from the summits of the mountains. Reviving nature smiled at the return of youth: the fields were again clothed in chearful green; innumerable flowers decked the pastures, and seemed to vie with the sun in lustre; the trees again began to shoot out their buds, and all nature was full of new-born joy. Thus, crowned with leaves and flowers, came amiable spring, that delightful morning of the year.

‘The trees with which I had surrounded the altar were pre-eminent in beauty. Eve saw, with inexpressible rapture, the flowers she had planted on the holy spot recover their bloom. In vain, my children, should I attempt to give you an idea of our joyful extasy. We ran to the consecrated circle, filled with devout gratitude. The sun illumined the sacred spot with his purest radiance. Every creature seemed to join in our praises of the Creator. The flowers exhaled their sweetest odours; the trees extended the shade of their blossoming branches over the holy altar; the winged insects that inhabited the tender grafs chirped forth

‘their joy; while the birds, on the spreading boughs of the trees, enlivened our devotion by their mellifluous harmony. We cast ourselves on our knees: tears of gratitude and joy burst from our eyes, fell on the grassy turf, and mingled with the dew of the morning. Our fervid prayer ascended towards the Lord of Nature, towards the God of grace and goodness, who had mercifully turned even the effects of his just displeasure to our advantage.

‘I now began to cultivate a little field upon the hill. I cast into the fertile earth some grains which I had preserved from the produce of autumn. I even enriched the land with seeds I had gathered in the distant country. Nature, chance, or reflection, often discovered to me means to facilitate my labour. Often, too, ignorance of the seasons, and of the proper soils for the different productions, led me into errors. Frequently my imagination deceived me, and I was disappointed when I had high hopes that I had found the art of contracting my labours. I should sometimes have been without resource, had not the gentle spirits, who watched over my happiness, condescended to enlighten me.

‘One morning, as I cast my eyes towards the altar, I beheld, with awe, the flame of the Lord burning over it. The rising sun gilded with his beams the ascending smoke. Enraptured, I called to my beloved—“See, dearest Eve!” I cried, “see the accomplishment of the promise! Behold, the sacred flame is come down on our altar! Let us go to it immediately. Every labour must now cease. I will, as the Almighty hath commanded, kill a young lamb. Haste, my love, and chuse the finest flowers to strew the sacrifice!” I took the best of my flock: but, my children, it is impossible to give you a description of what I felt, when I went to deprive the innocent animal of life. A trembling seized my hand: I was scarce able to hold the struggling victim; and never could I have brought myself to give it death, had not my resolution been animated by the express command of the Author of Life. The very remembrance of it’s endeavours to escape gives me pain. When I beheld it’s quivering limbs in the last moments of it’s existence, an univer-

“ fal tremor shook my own ; and when
 “ it lay before me, without fenfe or motion,
 “ dreadful forebodings invaded my
 “ troubled foul. In obedience to the
 “ Divine command, I laid the bleeding
 “ lamb on the altar, and Eve ſcattered
 “ on it odoriferous flowers. We then
 “ proſtrated ourſelves on the earth before
 “ it, with reverence and fear, and offered
 “ up our humble praises to the God
 “ of Truth, who had thus ſolemnly verified
 “ his promiſes. An awful ſilence
 “ reigned around us, as if nature celebrated
 “ the preſence of her God. In
 “ this perfect calm our raviſhed ears
 “ were charmed with the miſtreſſy of
 “ heaven. The angels that hovered over
 “ us joined in our devout praises. The
 “ flames ſoon conſumed the ſacrifice, and
 “ on it’s extinction, which was ſudden,
 “ an aromatic odour diffuſed itſelf through
 “ the far extended country.

“ A little after this ſolemn day of reconciliation,
 “ I was going, at ſun-ſet, to reſt myſelf,
 “ after the fatigue of the day, near my
 “ beloved. I aſcended the hill : I fought
 “ for her in vain in our cottage ; I looked
 “ for her, with anxiety, in the ſhady bower.
 “ At length I found her, pale and without
 “ ſtrength, at the ſide of the ſpring—and
 “ thee, Cain, my firſt-born, lying on her
 “ boſom. The pains of child-birth had
 “ ſeized her while ſhe was employed in
 “ her ordinary labours near the brook.
 “ She was bedewing thine infant face
 “ with tears of joy. At ſight of me, ſhe
 “ cried, with a ſmile—“ I ſalute thee,
 “ father of men ! The Lord hath aſſiſted
 “ me in the hour of diſtreſs : I have
 “ brought forth this ſon, to whom I have
 “ given the name of Cain.—O thou dear
 “ firſt-born !” ſaid ſhe, “ the Lord hath
 “ favourably regarded the hour of thy
 “ birth : may all thy days be conſecrated
 “ to His praise !” How weak, how help-
 “ leſs is he that is born of a woman !
 “ May’ſt thou, dear infant, riſe as a young
 “ flower in the ſpring ! May thy life be
 “ a ſweet perfume offered up to heaven !”
 “ I then took thee, my firſt-born, in
 “ my arms. “ I ſalute thee,” ſaid I to
 “ Eve ; “ I ſalute thee, mother of men !
 “ The Lord hath aſſiſted thee in thy
 “ diſtreſs !—I ſalute thee, Cain, firſt
 “ of human beings who gave pain to
 “ thy mother ; firſt of the human race
 “ who entered into life to leave it by

“ death.—O God !” continued I, “ look
 “ down from Thy throne, and regard
 “ with compaſſion this Thy feeble creature !
 “ Shed Thy gracious benediction
 “ on the morning of his life ! It ſhall
 “ be my delightful taſk to inſtruct his
 “ young mind ! I will ſhew him the
 “ miracles of Thy grace : I will teach
 “ him the wonders of Thy love. Morning
 “ and evening his infant lips ſhall
 “ be taught to ſound forth Thy praise.
 “ —O ! deareſt Eve, mother of men,” I
 “ cried in the tranſport of my heart, “ a
 “ race without number ſhall flouriſh
 “ around thee. This myrtle was, like
 “ thee, ſolitary, till the tender ſuckers
 “ ſprang from the maternal root. When
 “ mild ſpring ſhall cloathe it with new
 “ verdure, the firſt ſhoots will produce
 “ others, and, in time, this ſingle myrtle
 “ ſhall form a little aromatic grove.
 “ In the ſame manner (let this proſpect
 “ conſole thee in thy preſent weakneſs)
 “ in the ſame manner ſhall our offſpring
 “ multiply around this eminence. We
 “ ſhall, from it’s ſummit, ſee their peaceful
 “ dwellings adorn the plain : we ſhall
 “ ſee them, if death delays it’s approach
 “ long enough to permit us—we ſhall
 “ ſee them lend each other mutual aſſiſtance,
 “ to gain the provisions, the conveniences,
 “ and the ſweets of life. Often will we
 “ deſcend from this hill to viſit our children’s
 “ children, and under their fertile ſhades
 “ will we recount the wonders of the Lord,
 “ and exhort them to piety and gratitude.
 “ When they taſte of joy, we will ſhare
 “ it with them : we will ſympathize in
 “ their griefs, and give them conſolation
 “ and advice. From the top of this
 “ aſcent we ſhall ſee—with gratitude and
 “ joy we ſhall ſee, a thouſand altars
 “ ſmoke around. Their burnt offerings
 “ ſhall envelope us in ſacred clouds,
 “ through which our fervent prayers
 “ ſhall aſcend to the Creator, in behalf
 “ of the human race. And when the
 “ ſolemn day ſhall come, when the flame
 “ of heaven ſhall deſcend upon the firſt
 “ and moſt holy altar, they ſhall aſſemble
 “ on this hill. We will lead them to
 “ ſacrifice, and, in holy tranſport, we
 “ ſhall behold the fruit of our loins
 “ form around us a vaſt circle of proſtrate
 “ worſhippers.”

“ Thus, O Cain ! did I utter the ſweet
 “ effuſions of my heart. I kiſſed thine
 “ infant lips with the moſt tender joy.
 “ Thy

‘ Thy mother then took thee in her en-
‘ feebled arms, when, having assisted her
‘ to rise, I led her to our dwelling.

‘ Strength and vigour soon began to
‘ animate thy little members. Laughter
‘ and gaiety sparkled in thine eyes, and
‘ mirth played on thy cheeks. Already
‘ wert thou able to run with thy tender
‘ feet on the soft grass, and among the
‘ flowers; already thy little lips began
‘ to lip forth thine infant thoughts,
‘ when Eve brought into the world Ma-
‘ hala, thy spouse. Full of joy, you
‘ skipped about the new-born, kissed
‘ her, and covered her with flowers.
‘ —Eve at length brought forth thee,
‘ O Abel! and afterwards Thirza, thy
‘ companion. With inexpressible joy
‘ we beheld your innocent pleasures.
‘ Our delight encreased as we saw your
‘ young minds unfold themselves, and
‘ arrive, by little and little, at maturity.
‘ We employed our most attentive care
‘ to cultivate your mental powers, to di-
‘ rect your thoughts to worthy objects,
‘ that your lives might diffuse the agree-
‘ able odour of virtue. Thus a variety
‘ of flowers, combined by art, form the
‘ fragrant nosegay. While you, my
‘ children, yet prattled on my knee, or
‘ chaced each other through the grove
‘ in wanton play, I discovered that
‘ man born in sin needs cultivation, like
‘ the stubborn earth, curst for our trans-
‘ gression; and that vigilance and watch-
‘ ful care were necessary in the arduous
‘ task of forming the mind. “ To
‘ teach the young idea how to shoot,” to
‘ guide the pliant heart from the turbu-
‘ lence of the passions, to make the
‘ powers and noble inclinations of the

‘ soul bring forth their genuine fruits,
‘ virtue and piety, require all the teach-
‘ ers art—all the parents love.

‘ I have now, my beloved children,
‘ the happiness to see you arrived at your
‘ full growth, as the tender plants are
‘ by the hand of time transformed into
‘ lofty and wide spreading trees. Praised
‘ be the God of heaven for His innume-
‘ rable mercies! adored for ever be His
‘ name for His unmerited goodness!
‘ May you, my dear offspring, by your
‘ filial love, humble gratitude, and de-
‘ vout reverence, continue faithful to
‘ Him! and may the grace and bene-
‘ diction of the Most High always rest
‘ on your dwellings!’

Adam here finished his recital. A
nymph, united by the soft bands of Hy-
men to her favourite swain, wanders with
him in the early dawn. They hear the
sweet notes of the nightingale, while all
is silence around. Her voice seems the
echo of their own fond thoughts, and
through their souls is diffused a tender
transport. The bird ceases her melody;
but they still listen, with the ear of ex-
pectation turned towards the branches
from whence she chanted her nocturnal
song. Thus, though our general father
ceased to speak, his children remained
fixed in mute attention. The different
scenes he had represented gave them va-
rious emotions: sometimes the gushing
tear dropped from their eyes, at others a
lively joy spread itself over their fea-
tures. They all returned their thanks
to the father of men: Cain rendered his
as well as the others; but he alone had
neither smiled nor wept.

T H E

D E A T H O F A B E L.

B O O K I I I.

A D A M having finished his relation, Abel again tenderly embraced his brother, and they all left the bower, each pair taking their way to their separate dwellings, while the moon's mild rays enlightened their steps. 'O my Thirza!' cried Abel to his beloved, pressing her hand, 'what exquisite joy diffuses itself through my soul! My brother is no longer estranged from me; he loves me: his moistened cheek spoke his tenderness, while he gave me the fraternal embrace. How did my heart rejoice in the sweet effusion of his returned affection! Less delightful, less refreshing, is the evening dew that falls on the parched earth, after it has been scorched by the sun's burning rays. The furious tempest of his soul is calmed: peace and love are returned; they will again take up their abode in our humble cottages, and give new sweets to every enjoyment. O thou Beneficent Being! who hast with infinite goodness watched over our parents, when they were the sole inhabitants of this spacious earth, keep far from the heart of my beloved brother every baleful and tormenting passion! May the storm never return; but may tranquillity, gratitude and joy, render every day delightful, like the past!'

Thirza, with delight in her countenance, said—'Our parents, my love, felt not more joy at the return of spring, after the rigours of the first winter, than they experienced when they saw the tears of reconciliation drop from the softened eyes of our brother. Our affectionate father, our fond mother, seemed, in their transport, to have recovered all the gaiety of youth, and every thing around us smiled with new joy.' Thus did this amiable and virtuous pair express the sweet sensations that filled their hearts.

Mahala, Cain's spouse, observing that his brow still wore the gloom of discontent, pressed his hand to her lips, and, in a soft and tender accent, said—'Why, my love, dost thou seem so cold, so insensible, in the midst of such happiness? Is the calm that is restored to thy soul incapable of enlivening thine eye with tender joy? Cannot thy heart-felt satisfaction render thy countenance serene? I should fear the cloud of grief, that has so long darkened thy days, had rendered thee unable to taste of joy, had I not beheld—beheld with extatic delight, content and transport animate thine eyes, when thou gavest our brother the fraternal embrace. O my beloved! the Eternal from His throne on high, and the benevolent angels, who surround us, saw with approbation the soft sensations that then filled thine heart. Suffer me, my dearest spouse! to press thee to my bosom: let my fondness again light up joy in thy countenance. Mayest thou lose all thy cares in this sweet embrace!'

Cain resisted not the tender caresses of his spouse, but replied—'Your joy, your excessive joy, gives me offence. Yes, I am displeased. Does not your transport say—"Cain is corrected: he was, before, a man vicious and wicked"—he hated his brother?'—'I was not wicked.—Whence arose so strange an idea? Must I hate my brother, because I was not always weeping over him, or persecuting him with my embraces?'—'I never hated my brother—No, never. I saw, indeed, with pain, that he, by his softness and effeminacy, stole from me the affection of Adam and Eve.—Could I be insensible of this? But, Mahala, it is not without cause that sorrow hangs on my brow. What imprudence in our father to recount to us
the

the history of his shameful fall, and all the disasters of which he and Eve are the cause! What need was there for us to know, and be so often told, that it was their fault that lost us all the delights of Paradise, and rendered us unhappy? Were we ignorant of this, our miseries would be more supportable, and we should not deplore the want of enjoyments of which we could then have no idea.

Mahala stifled in her heart remon-
frances and complaints, and carefully read her husband's eyes, to see if she might venture a reply. Then mildly answered—'Suffer me, I conjure thee, my beloved, to weep! for I cannot restrain my tears. Suffer me to implore thee for thyself! I beseech thee to drive far from thee this gloomy melancholy that is again beginning to over-cloud thy soul! Thou canst, I know, my love, thou canst dispense it, and restore to thy heart peace and serenity. Let not thy troubled imagination always present to thy view subjects of misery and grief, where thou oughtest to behold Divine benig-
nity and grace. O Cain, why should we blame our affectionate parents, for relating to us the wonders God has done for fallen man! They would excite in our souls a lively gratitude and firm confidence. They are keenly sensible of every thing that can be a subject of pain and grief to us, and it is barbarity to reproach them with our misery. Rise, my love, I entreat thee, rise superior to the vexations that would again intrude themselves into thine heart, and obscure our days with gloomy sadness!' She said no more, but gave her husband a tender glance, while her eyes swam in tears.

The smile of affection now tempered the austerity of Cain's countenance, and he replied, as he embraced Mahala—'I will, my dear, surmount the vexations that would gain an empire over me. I will not obscure thy days, or mine, with unavailing sorrow.'

Anamelech, one of the inferior spirits of hell, had observed the behaviour and discourse of Cain. He had seen, with malicious joy, the signs of envy and wrath in his ruffled features. This malignant dæmon, though of the lowest order among the rebel angels, did not yield, in pride and ambition, to Satan, the arch-apostate. Often, while in hell, he retired from his companions, whom he

despised: often he remained in solitude among the infected rivers of sulphur, that flowed through the burning land, or strayed alone on the enormous rocks, whose summits were hid in stormy clouds. There, in secret, he repined at his ignoble indolence, while the blue flames, reflected from the tops of the mountains, cast an obscure and horrid light on the path made by his wandering feet. But when hell, with tumultuous roar, celebrated the praises and triumphs of her king, who, on his return from the terrestrial globe, elate with pride, recounted how he had seduced our general ancestors, and boasted his having forced the Eternal to pronounce against them the decree of death and wretchedness, then the black venom of envy swelled the rancorous breast of Anamelech. 'Must Satan,' he cried to himself, 'though accursed, enjoy in hell triumphs and praise, while I, unnoticed, rove in obscurity, through the dark corners of these gloomy regions, or am confounded among the vile crowd, who, with servile shouts, aggrandise him, and hail him victor? No: I feel myself equally capable of noble daring: I will astonish my compeers; I will force hell's fierce monarch to pronounce my name with respect.' Actuated by the prospect of rising to distinguished greatness among the infernals, he meditated baleful projects, and nourished in solitude inveterate hatred to the human race. His black mind formed various schemes for their destruction, and his horrid designs succeeded but too well. The miseries of Adam's offspring rendered the name of this vile dæmon great among the diabolical powers of the fiery deep. He it was who, after a succession of ages, incited a cruel king to massacre the infants of Bethlehem. He saw, with a malignant smile, men, barbarous as the out-casts of heaven, display a savage rage against those innocents. He received an horrid pleasure, while he beheld their little limbs dashed against the stones, which their spouting veins stained with blood. He was delighted to see them stabbed and dismembered in the arms of their distracted mothers. He hovered, with cruel satisfaction, over that unfortunate city. The cries of these tender victims were, to him, agreeable melody. He fed, with eager joy, on the heart-rending complaints of their inconsolable mothers. The mangled limbs

of infants, trampled under the feet of their savage murderers, was to him a pleasing sight; and he felt an hellish transport, when he beheld their fond parents prostrate on the earth, in all the bitterness of anguish, tearing their hair, and beating their breasts, diltained with the blood of their guiltless offspring.

This relentless fiend, revolving in his gloomy breast the actions of hell's fell monarch, disdain'd ignoble sloth. 'I will ascend,' said he—'I will ascend to earth. I'll know the import of the sentence—"Man shall die!" I shall accelerate his doom—I will kill.' Hethen, with hasty stride, pass'd through the gate of hell. He marked and trod the footsteps the arch-fiend had traced through ancient Night, and the tumultuous empire of Chaos. Thus a brigantine, equipped for theft, steers with full sail through the immense sea, and, stopping on the coast of Hesperia, surprises the tranquil inhabitants of some peaceful village; seizes the active youth, while fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and inconsolable wives, lament on the shore, pursuing, with their weeping eyes, the ravishers, who, with out-spread sails, soon escape from sight.

This detestable Anamelech long flew, with rapidity, through the gloomy empire of Night, till at length he perceived a faint light on the frontiers of the created universe. As a malefactor, meditating some horrid murder, in the shade and silence of the night, proceeds to execute his bloody purpose, through the gloom towards the city, and finds it on all sides illuminated, is struck with fear, and would gladly hide himself from every eye; thus the impure spirit was agitated with terror, while he traversed the immense sphere which surrounded the earth. On his arrival on this globe, his piercing eye soon discovered the abode of man, and he alighted in the shady grove.

'Here then,' said he, 'dwells man, heaven's new favourite. This earth is accursed, and far unlike the smiling garden where he first was placed. Delightful spot! now guarded by the flaming sword; for I beheld it while I hovered o'er the earth. This they have lost; but what is left them is not hell. Perhaps, by plaintive supplications, they have softened the anger of their God: for, did not hell still follow me from place to place; did I not bear within myself an hell, I might,

'for aught I see, be happy here; but possibly their grosser bodies may be subject to pains, to griefs unknown to etherial substances. Ah! I see some of the heavenly host placed as guardians over man, though under male-diction. I must elude their care, escape their attention, or all my designs will be rendered abortive, and I shall become the sport, rather than the admiration of Satan, and the sycophants who surround his throne. Yonder is the family of sinners; but I see no signs of misery: their evils, perhaps, commence not till death. I'll know. If their hearts are open to seduction, I will, by my wiles, engage them in new crimes that may accelerate their punishment. Satan succeeded, by an easy artifice, with the chiefs of this family, while they were yet perfect. Now they are degraded by sin, and the curse of their God, can it be harder to subvert them? No: I shall induce them to commit actions so black, that their heavenly guardians shall quit the earth with horror, and He who created them shall, by His thunder, exterminate the ungrateful race, or precipitate them into the burning lake: then, on our scorching banks, we shall taste of joy—shall triumph, while we behold these worthy inhabitants of this new world rolling in flames of sulphur, cursing their existence, and their Almighty Maker. Ah!—I see one of them bears on his brow the marks of sul-len discontent. He has a ferocity in his looks that gives me hopes. My first effort shall be on him. His companion weeps—I will learn the cause of her tears.'

The malevolent spirit, invisible to human sight, followed Cain and his spouse, meditating seduction and murder. When they were retired to their dwelling, the impure daemon repeated after them, in malicious mockery—'Rise superior to the vexations that intrude themselves into thine heart! Drive far from thee these clouds of melancholy that would obscure thy days!' Then, quitting irony to give utterance to the infernal malice by which he was agitated—'No,' said he, 'what is good shall never take root in thine ungrateful heart: I will destroy it. These clouds of melancholy thou wouldst disperse shall be re-assembled over thy head, thick and black as those which surround with
' eternal

' eternal darkness the summits of the
' infernal mountains. My task will be
' no hard one. Thou thyself labourest
' to assemble them. I have only to as-
' sist thee: it will be to me a pleasing
' task to second thine own efforts. Yes,
' I will accumulate them on thy brow:
' desolation and misery, yet unknown to
' the human race, shall find entrance
' among mortals; thy days shall be
' filled with horror and darkness, and
' these darlings of heaven shall taste the
' cup of wrath, poured forth for an-
' gels.'

Chearful dawn again began to gild
the horizon, inspiring songs and gaiety,
when Cain, with his instruments of hus-
bandry, was going to the field. Abel
had already given him the salute of the
morning, and was conducting his flocks to
pastures, still moist with the dew of the
night. Mahala and Thirza were
advancing, hand in hand, towards the
garden which surrounded the altar.
They stooped to salute their brothers, when
Eve came to them from her cabin, with
gestures of desperation.—Both were
seized with inquietude and concern, and
approaching her, cried out, with emo-
tion—'O my mother! You weep.—
' Why weep you?' Eve, at this ques-
tion, redoubled her tears; then endea-
vouring to stifle her grief, she, giving
them a look of affection, said, while her
words were interrupted by sighs—'Alas!
' my children, have not you heard dread-
' ful groans come from our dwelling?
' The sharpest pains this night have
' seized your father, and he now struggles
' with some disease that seems to pene-
' trate even to his bones. He endea-
' vours to conceal his anguish. He would
' prevent the sighs that escape from my
' heart. He suppresses his complaints,
' and strives to console me. But, O
' my children! the most poignant grief
' has taken possession of my soul, and
' my tortured heart refuses all consola-
' tion. When he reposes in most tran-
' quillity, he seems lost in reflection: an
' instant after he groans with agony; a
' cold sweat covers his face, and the
' tears he had restrained burst in a tor-
' rent from his eyes. O my dear children!
' dreadful apprehensions oppress my
' heart. Support me, my daughters;
' support your unhappy mother, sinking
' under the weight of affliction. Let
' us go to your father.' Eve, followed

by her lamenting children, returned to
her spouse, weeping, and leaning on the
shoulder of Mahala.

Filled with sorrow, they surrounded
the bed of the sick. Adam then lay
tranquil. His countenance and gestures
discovered, that, in spite of suffering and
pain, his soul was master of itself. He
cast on his afflicted children a look of
parental tenderness. He even gave them
a smile of affection, and said—'The
' hand of the Almighty, my beloved
' offspring, is on me. My intrails are
' torn with anguish: but, praised be the
' Lord, who regulates all by unerring
' wisdom! Perhaps He has ordained these
' pains to unloose the bands that unite
' my soul to this frail body. If it is
' now to return to the dust of which it
' is formed, I submit. I adore the dis-
' pensations of my Maker, and wait,
' with resignation and love, the fatal
' hour. I will praise Thee, the Sove-
' reign of Life and Death, till this union
' is dissolved; my soul shall then, de-
' livered from it's vesture of earth, offer
' Thee more elevated praise. O God
' of Consolation! deign to be my sup-
' port. Teach me to endure with pa-
' tience my present pain, in firm hope
' of future happiness. But, above all,
' forsake me not, O my Maker! for-
' sake not an expiring sinner in the dis-
' tressful hour of death! Abandon me
' not when my soul is dismayed by the
' last tremblings of nature!'

He then cast his languid eyes on our
general mother, who was weeping at his
side. 'And thou Eve,' said he, 'whom
' I love as myself—and you, my dear
' children—add not to my griefs by your
' sorrow and tears. How cruelly does
' your affliction distress me!—Cease, my
' beloved, cease these sighs and these la-
' mentations. Perhaps the Lord may
' remove the terrors of His hand, and
' death may yet be at a distance. Per-
' haps I may again, even on earth, taste
' joy and gladness. I wait the good
' pleasure of my God, and resign myself
' to His will.—Do you also, my dear
' children—and you my tender spouse—
' acquiesce, with submission and devout
' gratitude, in the Divine appointments.
' Accustom yourselves, before-hand, to
' reflect, with holy resignation, on the
' instant when it shall please the Al-
' mighty to strip off this garment of
' earth, and take me from you.' The
father

father of mankind ceased to speak. Sharp pangs again seized him, and he could only utter sighs and groans.

When his agonies were abated, he regarded all about him with silent attention; but his looks were more particularly fixed on Eve, who seemed overwhelmed by her deep distress: her sorrows augmented those of her husband, and, to console her, he again resumed his discourse: 'Alas!' said he, 'the death experienced by the first sinner will doubtless have something frightful in it, to those who shall behold it; but it will be more terrible still to him who shall be the victim. May that merciful God, who has never abandoned us in our distress, succour me in that dreadful hour!—He will do it—His past mercies are pledges that He will. —As for you, my children,' added he, 'go—leave me—resign me to the will of the Lord. Pray for me with fervour. This dreadful crisis may perhaps end in a sweet sleep, that may restore vigour to my enfeebled members.'

Adam was silent. His children stooped to kiss his trembling hand. 'Yes, my father,' they cried, 'we will prostrate ourselves before the Lord: we will supplicate that sweet repose may repair thy strength, exhausted by suffering. O may our prayer be accepted! may the Lord remove from thee these pains by which thou art now tormented!'

With hearts pierced with grief they left the cottage: Eve only remained. 'I would sleep,' said Adam, addressing himself to his wife, who sat near his bed, suffused in tears. 'Why, my beloved, dost thou give way to thy grief? Thy tenderness, by increasing my pain, may chance repose far from me.' At length he wrapt his face in the skins which covered him, to conceal from his companion the distress and inquietude of his mind. 'Is this,' said he to himself 'is this that hour so full of horror? I fear it is. Great God, how terrible! —Abandon me not, O my Maker! forsake not, in the last agony, an expiring sinner! How sweet would be my consolations, even in death, if these sufferings, these fears, would exempt my unhappy offspring from the consequences of the curse pronounced on them for my sin!—But no—the same horrors will terrify, the same veil of

'darkness will extend over, all born of woman, From a trunk empoisoned by sin, what can be produced but sinners —sinners subject to death?—I have killed all my posterity. All, like me, must be torn from those they love—from those whose tenderness softened and endeared life, and gave it all its delights—O Eve! O spouse tender and dear! what anguish will rend thine heart! what tears wilt thou shed over my senseless dust! Frightful prospect! Will not my inanimate clay tremble, when the orphan, left without support, shall lament the loss of its father, snatched away by death in the midst of his course: or when decrepid parents shall be deprived of their sons, who were the comfort and support of their declining age; when sisters shall water, with their tears, the dead bodies of their brothers, the wife that of the husband, the lover that of the object beloved.—Spare then my memory, O my children! Curse not my peaceful dust. It is just that the weight of the curse should fall on the last hour—the hour that tears us from this life of sin. Death, when he divides the soul from its covering of clay, will also draw it from a state of malediction. If, notwithstanding the little power it's degradation has left it, it has struggled against vice, and endeavoured to raise itself to virtue, it shall enjoy never-ending happiness in the regions of immortality. Ye ought not then, O my offspring! to execrate my ashes. Our abode on earth is not properly life: 'tis but the dawn of life; a troublesome dream.—Oppress me not then, ye mountains of grief! 'Tis by dying I shall revive. I wait for that instant, firmly relying on the mercies of my God!' Such were the thoughts of Adam, when a profound sleep overpowered his senses.

Eve sat drowned in sorrow by the bed of her sleeping husband, and, in a low voice, fearing to disturb his repose, vented the anguish of her heart. 'What evils do I experience!' said she. 'O curse, the consequence of sin, let thy burden rest on me! I was the first sinner. Let a double weight of woe fall on my wretched head! It is just: I was the first offender. Ah! it is already on me. All the griefs, all the distresses of my husband, of my unhappy offspring, flow from me. Their pains,

‘pains, their sorrows, are so many
 ‘gnawing worms that prey on me.—
 ‘O my spouse! if thou diest—How I
 ‘tremble at the idea! A general shiver-
 ‘ing seizes me: the cold sweat trickles
 ‘down my face. Can the horrors of
 ‘death be more dreadful!—If thou art
 ‘going to die for my fault, O Adam!
 ‘—if these agonies are to unloose the
 ‘bands of life, hate me not! Add not
 ‘to my insupportable miseries, thine an-
 ‘ger!—And ye, my children, curse not
 ‘your unhappy mother! Guilty as I am,
 ‘I deserve your pity. Ye upbraided me
 ‘not, it is true; but, alas! every sigh,
 ‘every tear, awakens my keen remorse,
 ‘and is to me a cutting reproach.—O
 ‘God Almighty! lend an ear to my
 ‘plaintive supplications, and remove his
 ‘sufferings: or, if they are the fore-run-
 ‘ners of death—if his body must now
 ‘return to the dust, terrifying thought!
 ‘separate us not; let me die with him!
 ‘Suffer my soul to retire first, that I
 ‘may not behold his last pangs! I was
 ‘the first sinner.’ Eve ceased to speak,
 and remained inconsolable, weeping by
 the side of her husband.

Cain, in spite of the roughness of his
 temper, had shed tears at the groans and
 discourse of his father. He went into the
 fields when he left the cottage, and thus
 expressed his concern—‘I could not help
 ‘weeping, when I was near the bed of
 ‘my father; yet I hope he will not die.
 ‘God grant that this good parent, whom
 ‘I love, may not die! Yes, I could not
 ‘help weeping; but yet I am not drown-
 ‘ed in sorrow, like my brother. Be-
 ‘fore I shed tears on all occasions, I
 ‘must lose my natural firmness; and
 ‘become, like him, soft and effeminate.
 ‘Will they still say that I am of a sa-
 ‘vage disposition? At least they will
 ‘imagine that Abel loves Adam bet-
 ‘ter than I, because I cannot weep like
 ‘him. I love my father: he is as dear
 ‘to me as to my brother; but I cannot
 ‘command my tears to flow.’

Abel, penetrated with sorrow, went
 into his pastures. He prostrated him-
 self on the earth; he bent his head on
 the grass, which he moistened with his
 tears, and addressed this prayer to the
 Almighty—

‘With the most profound humility, I
 ‘would praise Thee, O my God! Thou
 ‘conductest the affairs of mortals with
 ‘unerring wisdom and infinite goodness.
 ‘Though depressed by grief, I dare pre-

‘sume to offer up to Thee my supplica-
 ‘tions; for thou hast permitted the sin-
 ‘ner to implore Thy mercy. Thine un-
 ‘merited goodness has allowed us this
 ‘sweet consolation, in the midst of the
 ‘evils which surround us. I ought not,
 ‘I do not hope, that Thou wilt change
 ‘the purposes of Thy wisdom, in com-
 ‘pliance with the desires of a plaintive
 ‘worm. Thy ways, O Gracious God!
 ‘are wise and good. To Thy will I
 ‘resign myself, supplicating only for
 ‘strength to suffer, and for consolation
 ‘in our pain. Thou knowest, O Om-
 ‘niscient God! thou knowest the desires,
 ‘the ardent wishes of my soul. If these
 ‘desires, if these wishes, are not con-
 ‘trary to the designs of Thine infinite
 ‘wisdom, restore us our common parent!
 ‘—Restore to our afflicted mother the
 ‘husband for whom she supplicates Thee
 ‘—restore her him in whom her life is
 ‘bound up, and whose loss would render
 ‘her wretched!—Restore to us, his for-
 ‘rowing children, a father tenderly be-
 ‘loved! Defer, O God, merciful and
 ‘gracious! defer, if it be thy will, his
 ‘death to a more distant period. Speak,
 ‘O God! and it is done: command, and
 ‘it is accomplished. At Thy nod our
 ‘evils will disappear, and joy and glad-
 ‘ness, thanksgivings and praise, will re-
 ‘sound from the humble habitations of
 ‘sinners. Permit him, who gave us life,
 ‘to remain yet longer with us. Spare
 ‘him, that he may still declare to us
 ‘Thine infinite bounties, and teach our
 ‘infant children to lift forth Thy praise.
 ‘But, if thine unerring wisdom has ap-
 ‘pointed this the time of his dissolution,
 ‘be not offended, O my Maker! with
 ‘this excess of our grief. Pardon the
 ‘disorder of my words! If he must now
 ‘die, lend him, O God of Compassion—
 ‘—lend him thine assistance in the ter-
 ‘rible hour of death, and mercifully for-
 ‘give our cries and groans. Moderate,
 ‘by Thy divine consolations, our afflic-
 ‘tion, that we may not offend Thee by
 ‘our despair.’

Such was the prayer of Abel. He was
 still prostrate on the earth, from which he
 was roused by a distant sound. Sweet
 odours were wafted around, and before
 him stood a guardian angel, resplendent
 in beauty. On his serene brow he wore
 a coronet of roses, and his smile was gra-
 cious as the opening day. He said, with
 a voice mild as the breath of the zephyrs
 —‘The Lord hath lent a gracious ear,

E

‘O Abel!

‘ O Abel! to the voice of thy supplications. He hath granted thee the desires of thine heart. He hath commanded me to assume a body, and to bring thee consolation and succour. The Eternal, who incessantly watches over His creatures, who regards with an eye of beneficence the crawling insect, as well as the archangel arrayed in glory, hath ordered this earth to produce, in it’s bosom, salutary remedies for the diseases of it’s inhabitants, whose bodies, by the fall, are exposed to pain and sickness, which shall, by degrees, lead thee to death and to corruption, the sad consequences of having disobeyed their Maker. Friend, take these plants, and these flowers; they are specifics to restore health to thy father; boil them in the clear water of the fountain: let him drink, and be whole.’

The angel, having given him the salutary herbs, disappeared. Struck with inexpressible astonishment, he remained some time immovable; then breathed the devout gratitude of his soul, in this short ejaculation—‘ What am I, O God! what am I, that Thou shouldest thus graciously regard my prayer? I am but sinful dust and ashes. I would praise Thee, O my God! but Thy bounties exceed all praise. The triumphant archangel cannot sufficiently exalt Thy name, yet Thou hast deigned to accept the supplications of a worm.’

His lively joy lent him wings. He ran to his cottage, and with eager impatience prepared the odoriferous dilution. This performed, he flew to his father. Eve was still bathed in tears, and her daughters sat pensive by her side. They saw with surprize his eagerness, the joy which sparkled in his eyes; and the smile which sat on his lips. ‘ Dry up your tears, my beloved!’ said he, as he entered. ‘ Weep no more, O my mother! The Lord hath heard our prayers; He hath sent us succour. An angel hath appeared to me in the pastures. He hath given me aromatic herbs and flowers, gathered by his celestial hand. “Boil these,” said he, “in clear water, and restore health to thy father.” They heard his words with astonishment, and rendered thanks to the Lord, with gratitude and humble confidence. The sick drank the healing draught, and soon experienced it’s salutary effects. Adam now raised himself on his bed, and with ardent piety offered up his adorations; then taking the

hand of Abel, he pressed it to his cheek, and wetted it with tears of joy, saying—‘ O my son! blessed be thou—thou by whom God hath sent me succour; thou, whose virtue pleaseth the Lord; thou, whose prayer He accepts, and hath vouchsafed to answer. I again bless thee, my son—my beloved son!’ Eve and her daughters then embraced him, by whom the Lord had sent them succour.

Cain at this instant entered the dwelling of his father. While in the field, he had been tormented with care and anxiety: ‘ I will return,’ said he to himself—‘ I will return to my father; perhaps he needs my assistance. Perhaps he is already dead, and I have not received a last blessing from his lips. I will hasten to him. I love my father.’

On his entering, he saw with amazement their joy. He heard Adam bless his brother. Mahala, his wife, ran to him, and embracing him, said—‘ The Lord, my beloved, hath sent us succour by the hand of Abel.’ Cain approached the bed of Adam, and kissing his hand, said—‘ I salute thee, O my father! Praised be God, who restores thee to our tears! but, O my father! have you no blessing for me? You have blessed my brother, by whom the Lord sent you help: bless me also—me, your first-born.’ Adam, giving him a look of affection, and pressing his hand between both his, said—‘ I give thee my blessing, O Cain! Be blessed of God, O my first-born! May the favour of the Lord rest always on thee! May thine heart enjoy tranquillity and peace, and thy soul uninterrupted repose!’ Cain then embraced his brother. How could he avoid it? all had embraced him.

Cain left his father’s dwelling; but it was to retire into the gloomy recesses of a thick grove, where, oppressed with melancholy, he repeated after Adam—‘ Peace and tranquillity!—an uninterrupted repose!—How can I enjoy this tranquillity?—Where shall I find this repose? Was I not forced to petition for a blessing, while his affection made him, unasked, pour forth his soul in blessings on my happy brother? He has allowed me my rank of first-born; what advantage to me is this superiority? Misery is my inheritance; disdain my portion. It is by the hand of Abel the Lord hath restored health to our father. I am rejected. The bright messengers of Heaven appear not to me: they,

‘ they pass me with contempt; they honour me not with their regards. While I spend my strength in the labours of the field; while the sweat drops from my face, embrowned by the scorching sun, the angels hold converse with him, whose delicate hands are unsoiled by labour; who lies idle near his flock, or, with unmanly softness, is shedding tears, because the shining dew glitters on the grass and herbage, or the setting sun tinges the clouds with purple.—Happy favourite! all nature smiles on thee. I only feel the curse! I only eat my bread by the sweat of my brow. The whole weight of the divine malediction falls on my wretched head. I am, in every thing, unhappy.’ Thus revolving in his melancholy brain gloomy ideas, the offspring of hatred and envy, he wandered in the thick shade.

The sun was retiring behind the azure mountains, and reflected on the clouds a glowing red, when Adam said to his wife—‘ I will, my beloved, before the day is closed, render thanks to God, who hath restored my health.’ He left his bed, full of strength and vigour, and repaired, accompanied by his daughters, to the entrance of his cottage. The departing sun diffused a mild light over the fields; Adam cast himself on his knees, and viewed, with transport, the country thus enlightened. ‘ Here am I,’ said he, with fervent effusion of heart—‘ here am I, my Sovereign Master, prostrate before Thy face, penetrated with a lively sense of Thine infinite goodness.—Ye agonizing pangs! what are become of you? Ye pierc’d my bones, ye scorch’d my vitals; yet, in the midst of anguish, my soul lost not her hope: she placed her confidence in God, and was not disappointed. The Almighty lent a gracious ear to the groans and cries of a sinner: he regarded the voice of a worm. Health returned: pain and sorrow were no more. Death shall not yet triumph over my dust: I shall still praise my Maker in this habitation of clay, this house of corruption. I will praise thee, O my God! I will praise thee from the early dawn to the rising of the evening star. While my soul is confined in this body of earth, it shall stammer forth its gratitude; but it will praise Thee in more exalted strains, when, disengaged from this obstructing dust, it shall rise triumphant and refined: it shall then behold Thee face

‘ to face, arrayed in all the lustre of Thy magnificence.—O ye angels, resplendent in light, cast your eyes on this dwelling of sinners, this abode of death! The earth shook from its foundations when it became defiled by sin, and its Almighty Maker turned from it His regards: yet on this earth He now displays the wonders of His love. Attune your golden harps to his praise. Exalt His name in seraphic strains, while man, weak man, can only lift his rapture.—I salute thee, O sun! I salute thy retiring beams. When thy morning rays enlightened these fields, I groaned, oppressed by pain; when they illumined my dwelling, I saluted them with my sighs; ere they have given place to the grey twilight, I am returning thanks to the Lord of Life, who hath removed my griefs.—I salute you, ye lofty mountains, and ye hills scattered over the plain! Mine eyes shall still behold, reflected from your summits, the glowing brightness of the rising and the setting sun.—I salute you, O ye birds, who chant the praises of the Eternal! your songs shall still recreate mine ear.—Ye limpid streams, I shall again repose my weary limbs on your flowery banks—again be lulled to rest by your soft murmurs:—and, ye groves, ye bowers, ye woods, I shall still walk under your refreshing shades; ye shall again shield me from the sun’s too ardent ray, when, wrapt in profound meditation, I shall wander in your fragrant retreats.—I salute thee, O nature entire! but I worship and adore only nature’s God, who supported my vile clay, when ready to crumble into dust.’

The father of men thus praised the Lord, while the whole creation appeared attentive to his prayer, and seemed to felicitate his return to life. The glorious orb of day darted on him its last rays. The young zephyrs wafted on their ambrosial wings the aromatic perfumes of the groves and gardens, as if charged by the flowers to exhale their sweets to him. The feathered inhabitants of the woods saluted him with their softest notes, as actuated by a lively joy.

Cain and Abel came under the shade while Adam was yet on his knees. They saw, with delight, their father restored to health. The prayer ended, Adam arose from the earth; he embraced, and received the embraces of, his transported children: he kissed, with fond affection,

the moistened cheek of our general mother; after which, he, Eve, and their daughters, returned to their dwelling. Abel then addressing himself to Cain, said—'Let us also, my dear brother, render thanks to God Most High, who has restored to our tears our affectionate father. I will by the light of the moon, which is now rising, offer on mine altar a young lamb. Wilt thou not also, on thine altar, make an offering?'

Cain, giving him a gloomy and angry look, said—'Yes, I will present an offering to the Lord of what my barren fields afford.' Abel with graceful sweetness replied—'O my brother! the Lord our God counts as nothing the lamb which burns before him, neither doth he regard the fruits of the field which the fire consumes. It is the ardent piety that flames in the heart of the worshipper, that gives the offering all its value.'

Cain returned—'The fire of heaven will perhaps consume thy victim; for by thee the Lord sent health to our father.—I am disdained; however, I will make my offering. I am, as well as thee, penetrated with gratitude. Our father, who is restored to our wishes, is equally dear to me as to thee. Let the Lord do with me, miserable worm! according to his good pleasure.'

Abel tenderly threw himself on the neck of Cain, saying—'Ah! my brother, my dear brother! dost thou make the Lord's having sent, by my hand, relief to our father, a new subject of discontent? I was charged with this commission for us all. All prayed to the Lord: the prayers of all were answered. Banish from thy bosom, my dear brother—let me intreat thee to banish forever—these gloomy ideas! The Lord, who sees into the inmost recesses of our souls, can discover there unjust thoughts and secret murmurs. Love me, as I love thee. Offer thine offering; but suffer it not to be defiled by any impure dispositions. May the Lord, O my brother! favourably accept thy praises, and graciously shed his blessings on thee!'

Cain answered not, but walked toward his field; and Abel, looking after him with a pitying eye, repaired to his pastures. Each advanced to his altar: Abel slew a young lamb, laid it on his

altar, scattered on it odoriferous herbs and flowers, and put fire to the offering; then, warmed with fervent piety, prostrated himself before it, and with humble gratitude praised the Lord. The flame arose on high through the gloom of night, and enlightened the fields and pastures. The Lord forbade the winds to blow, because the sacrifice was acceptable.

Cain laid on his altar the fruits of the field, put fire to the offering, and also prostrated himself before it. Instantly a terrific sound was heard among the bushes. A furious whirlwind advanced towards the altar, dispersed the offering of Cain, and covered him with flame and smoke. He retired trembling, when a majestic voice, proceeding from the darkness, uttered these awful words—'Why tremblest thou? Why is pale fear seen on thy visage? There is yet time; correct thyself! Repent, and I will pardon thy sin! If thou dost not, thy crime and its chastisement shall pursue thee forever. Why hatest thou thy brother? He loves thee; he honours thee with true affection.'

Cain, seized with horror, quitted the place of sacrifice, a tempestuous wind driving after him the infected smoke of the offering. Appalled with terror, he wandered through the darkness: his heart trembled within him, and a cold sweat ran down his face. Casting his eyes around, he beheld the bright flame of his brother's sacrifice rising in the air in spiry waves. At this view, he turned aside his head, and gnashing his teeth, cried—'Ah! there's the sacrifice of the favourite!—Fly, mine eyes, this hateful sight! Another look would fill my soul with all the rage of the infernals. I cannot help cursing, in my heart, this darling of heaven and of all nature—I cannot help cursing him with trembling lips. But turn, unhappy wretch! turn thy fury on thyself!—Come, O death! O destruction come, and put a period to my miseries, and my life!—Why, O my father, didst thou suffer thyself to be seduced!—Why, O my mother, didst thou entail miseries on thy wretched offspring!—Shall I present myself before you, in the horrors of my despair? Shall my agonies, my terrors, my insupportable wretchedness, shew you the distresses your fatal lapse prepared for your descendants?'

—Ah!

'—Ah! no. Revenge not, unhappy
 ' man—revenge not thyself on a father,
 ' by bringing before his eyes a spectacle
 ' of such horror! Seized with terror,
 ' he would expire in my sight, and I
 ' should, if possible, be still more wretch-
 ' ed. The wrath of the Lord lies heavy
 ' on me. He has cursed me. He dis-
 ' dains mine offering. I am the most
 ' desolate creature on the face of the
 ' earth. The animals of the field, the
 ' reptiles of the ground, compared with
 ' me, are worthy of envy.—O merciful
 ' God! if it be possible, extend thine
 ' indulgence to me. Turn from me,
 ' O God! thy fierce anger; or again
 ' reduce me into nothing!—But what
 ' do I say? Oh, hard, obdurate heart!

' Correct thyself, he hath said, and I
 ' will pardon thy past offences. Chuse
 ' pardon or misery!—misery eternal!
 ' misery inexpressible! Yes, I have sinned:
 ' mine iniquities rise above my head;
 ' they cry for vengeance.—Thou art
 ' just, O God! Thy vengeance is also
 ' just. The farther we stray from the
 ' path of perfection and wisdom, the far-
 ' ther we stray from happiness. I must
 ' then be guilty, since I am unhappy.
 ' I will forsake these ways of perversi-
 ' ness. Turn thine eyes, O God! from
 ' my past offences! Preserve me from
 ' committing new ones! Take pity on
 ' me, O my God! or—reduce me to
 ' nothing!'

THE

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK IV.

THE air was yet moist with the dew of night; the birds still slept in silence; the sun had not begun to gild the tops of the hills, or the hovering fogs of the morning; yet Cain, distressed and melancholy, had left his cottage. Mahala, unknowing she was overheard, had wept and prayed for him during the tedious night. The black traces of despair were too visible in his countenance to escape the observation of this affectionate wife. She raised to heaven her supplicating hands. She begged for him mercy and forgiveness. She entreated that the Divine consolations and grace might soothe and soften the heart of her wretched husband. Her lively grief, her intense devotion, as she feared disturbing the partner of her bed, were uttered only in sighs and tears: yet the inarticulate expressions of her sorrow had reached the ears of Cain, who, unable to bear her grief, wandered in the early dawn. His murmuring voice resounded through the profound calm of the fields like distant thunder. 'Night odious! night horrible!' said he. 'What black clouds surround me! what fears! what terrors! When my imagination began to be calmed, when gentle sleep had hushed my griefs, the voice of lamentation awoke me. Alas! I only wake to be re-plunged in wretchedness. Shall I never more enjoy repose? Why did she pray and weep for me? She yet knows not that my offering was rejected.—Her tears encrease my distress.—I cannot bear her groans—they add to my griefs—they chase peace from my heart. This day, like the last, must be passed in sorrow and bitterness. While a smile of approbation rewards every action of my brother, while he enjoys every soothing delight, terror and sadness pursue me. I love thee, Mahala

'—I love thee tenderly. Thou art dearer to me than myself. Why then should'st thou, by thy lamentations, fill with anguish the few hours of rest my miseries have left me?'

He stooped under a bush that grew on the side of a rock: 'O soft sleep!' said he, 'restore me here thy balmy blessings. Unhappy that I am, weakened by fatigue and terror, I invoked thee in my cottage. Scarce hadst thou spread over me thy downy pinions, when the voice of sorrow chased thee from mine eyes. Here is none to trouble my repose, except beings inanimate, influenced by the wrath of Heaven, can drive quiet from me, even in this distant retreat. —O earth! which, by a curse too severe, requires such painful labour.—Alas! I only labour to prolong a life of wretchedness—now, at least, let me on thy bosom find some moments of rest, to repair my exhausted strength. I expect no other happiness: I know no greater.' He was silent. He laid himself on the fragrant grass, and the power he had invoked wrapt him in his sable wing.

Anamelech secretly followed the steps of Cain. He was now at his side. 'A profound sleep,' said the malicious spirit, 'has closed his eyes. I will continue near him, to accomplish my purpose, and accelerate his destruction.—Come, assist me, ye hovering dreams, disturb his soul with fantastic visions: assemble each image that can inspire him with fury and distraction.—Come envy, with corrosive tooth, hot rage, and every tumultuous passion.' Thus spake the spirit impure, and with intent malign laid him near Cain. A furious wind arose; it howled in the caverns of the rocks; it shook with dreadful roar the bushes, and rudely agitated the hair

of Cain. But in vain it howled in the caverns of the rocks; in vain it shook with dreadful roar the bushes; in vain it rudely agitated the hair of Cain: sleep sat heavy on his wearied eyelids, and he still kept them closed.

He beheld in a dream a vast field, on which were scattered a number of mean cottages. He saw his sons and his grandsons dispersed over the plain, where they resolutely exposed themselves to the mid-day sun, which darted his scorching rays on their heads. Assiduous at their painful labours, sometimes they gathered fruit for their subsistence; at others prepared the earth to receive fresh seeds; or stooping, wounded their hands with pulling up the thorny brambles; lest they should choak the rising grain, and lessen the utility of their former industry. He saw also their wives busied in domestic labour. He beheld them preparing a frugal refreshment against the return of their husbands. Eliel, his eldest son, then appeared before him. He saw him lift with difficulty a heavy burden from the earth: he bore it on his shoulders, tottering under the load; the sweat streamed from his embrowned face, and sorrow and discontent appeared in his eyes. 'What a life of misery!' said Eliel. 'How well is the prediction fulfilled, which said—"Man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow!" Did the Creator banish from his presence all the offspring of Adam? or did the curse affect only the children of the first-born? Too severely is it felt by us, the sons of Cain: our portion is labour and indigence; while in yonder fields, inhabited by the children of Abel, from which our unnatural kinsmen have banished us to these barren deserts, is concentrated all that can give delight to man. There the earth spontaneously pours forth her bounties. Those sons of luxury recline in fragrant bowers. Nature herself seems subservient to their ease and sloth. Every comfort, every pleasure, if pleasure is to be found on earth, is the portion of those voluptuous idlers.' Thus murmuring, Eliel slowly staggered towards the cottages.

Cain was now carried, on imagination's sportive wing, to a plain enamelled with a variety of flowers, watered by limpid brooks, which meandering ran with soft murmurs near aromatic bowers, under the shade of tufted groves. The banks

were decorated with lofty trees, and the clear water reflecting the vivid colours of their several fruits, formed a new landscape. The streams, after thus roving through the flowery turf, finished their wandering course in an ample lake, whose glassy surface was smooth and unruffled. He saw at a distance a citron grove, where played the wanton zephyrs, fanning with their ambrosial wings the sweets around. The prospects were terminated by a range of lofty fig-trees, which spread their extensive shade over the tender flowers. In this delightful spot were accumulated all the beauties with which imaginative fable has decorated the charming vale of Tempe, or Cnidus's luxuriant land; where rose, consecrated to Venus, a magnificent temple on lucid columns.

Cain saw in his dream flocks white as the falling snow, sporting in the meadows, or cropping the plenteous herbage, while the indolent shepherd, whose head was encircled with a wreath of flowers, lay reclined under the spreading palm, chanting to the sympathizing object of his passion an amorous lay. There boys blooming as the Loves, and girls sweet as the Graces, assembled under arches of interwoven honey-suckles and myrtles, where with agile feet they formed the festive dance. The bright juice of the grape sparkled in golden goblets, and delicious fruits were spread on tables covered with flowers; while the ambient air resounded with vocal and instrumental harmony. Cain with regret beheld these children of dissipation. He saw a young man rise in the midst of the sportive assembly, and heard him thus address his brethren—
'I rejoice with you, my jocund friends:
'I rejoice in our present felicity. Nature smiles on us: she has united in this delightful spot all that can charm the eye, or ravish the heart; but to conserve her bounties, we must again return to labour; and labour is troublesome and fatiguing. Shall our hands, formed to touch the soft lute, and sounding lyre, be rendered callous by the drudgery of the field! Shall our heads, which so well become these encircling roses, be again exposed to the sun's fierce rays? No, we will recline on beds of violets under the myrtle, while the hardy sons of earth, the brawny inhabitants of yonder plains, shall for us endure the toil of labour. The men shall till our grounds, their wives and daughters

' daughters shall be the servants of ours.
 ' What say ye, my gay companions, is
 ' the prospect pleasing? You smile ap-
 ' probation. Lend me your assistance,
 ' my dear brethren, and ere to-morrow's
 ' dawn we will make it a joyful reality.
 ' When the sun has withdrawn his rays
 ' from the earth, and night has spread
 ' over it her mantle of darkness, we will
 ' march in silence to the cottages of those
 ' rustics. We shall doubtless find them,
 ' after the rugged toil of the day, buried
 ' in the arms of sleep, and shall easily
 ' take them captive. It is true, our
 ' number is superior to theirs, and you
 ' may wonder that I recommend silence,
 ' and chuse night for our expedition:
 ' but, my friends, the men are strong;
 ' hardship and fatigue have braced their
 ' nerves, and despair may render them
 ' desperate. Let us then avoid a battle,
 ' in which, if victors, we must suffer
 ' some loss, and chuse the least danger-
 ' ous method of effecting our purpose.'

The young man was silent. The whole
 assembly were unanimous in his praises,
 and shewed their readiness to join in the
 infernal scheme by loud shouts of ap-
 plause.

A new scene now struck the eyes of
 Cain. It was night, and the inhuman
 artifice was in execution. He heard cries
 of desolation and terror intermingled
 with shouts of insult and triumph. He
 beheld the fields and rocks illumined by
 the flames of the burning cottages: by
 this dreadful light he saw his sons and
 grandsons bound, and, with their wives
 and infants, tamely marching before the
 children of Abel, like a flock of bleat-
 ing sheep.

Such was the dream of Cain. He
 was distressed, though asleep. When
 Abel, having perceived him under the
 bushes at the foot of the rock, approached,
 and with looks of affection, and in a
 voice of tenderness, said—' Ah, my
 ' brother, soon may'st thou awake! I
 ' long to embrace thee, and to express
 ' the sweet sensations by which my heart
 ' is engrossed. I love thee, my brother:
 ' I see with pain thy uneasiness, and glad-
 ' ly would remove from thy soul the fa-
 ' tal jealousy that imbitters thy days.
 ' Awake, O Cain! awake, that my
 ' heart may again know the pleasures
 ' of reconciliation.—But soft, ye impa-
 ' tient wishes—Breathe gentle, ye winds:
 ' —ye birds, cease your untimely me-
 ' lody, lest ye disturb the precious re-

' pose of my brother.—Perhaps his fa-
 ' tighed limbs require yet longer the re-
 ' storative influences of sleep—But how
 ' he lies!—how pale!—how wan!—His
 ' features seem distorted by fury.—Why
 ' do you distress him, ye visions of ter-
 ' ror! Leave his soul to enjoy tranquil-
 ' lity, ye imaginary horrors.—Take
 ' possession of it, ye pleasing images.
 ' Present to his mind, the sweet occu-
 ' pations of domestic life; the tender de-
 ' lights of the husband and the father.
 ' May every thing most lovely in the
 ' creation fill his imagination, and soothe
 ' his soul! May he awake calm and
 ' smiling as the vernal morn! May joy
 ' expand his countenance, and his de-
 ' lighted heart utter it's gratitude to the
 ' Great Giver of every good in devout
 ' praise.' He spoke no more, but stood
 stedfastly looking at Cain, while asto-
 nishment, inquietude, and tender love,
 were visible in his eyes.

As the fierce lion couching at the foot
 of a rock, (who, though asleep, freezes
 with terror the trembling traveller, and
 obliges him to take a wide circuit to
 avoid the dreadful beast) if the murder-
 ous arrow, in it's rapid flight, pierces his
 side, suddenly starts, and with dreadful
 roar, seeks his enemy—He foams—He
 rages—His blazing eyes menace destruc-
 tion—The first object he meets is the
 victim of his fury; perhaps an innocent
 child, playing on the grass with the va-
 riegated flowers: Not less terrible rose
 Cain. His eyes were enflamed, and ran-
 cour sat on his pallid cheek. A storm
 of wrath was gathering. The cloud
 burst. He stamped his foot on the ground
 —' Open, O earth!' he cried; ' Open,
 ' O earth! and hide me—hide me from
 ' my miseries, in thy lowest abyss. My
 ' life is one continued round of distress
 ' and torture; and, as if this was not
 ' enough, I see—insupportable prospect!
 ' —I see that my children shall one day
 ' inherit my miseries. But I implore
 ' in vain; thou wilt not open. The Al-
 ' mighty Avenger restrains thee. I
 ' must, such is His will—I must be
 ' wretched! and, that future evils may
 ' disturb my scanty enjoyment of present
 ' good, He himself draws aside the veil.
 ' Curs'd be the hour when my mother,
 ' by my birth, gave the first proof of
 ' her sad fertility! Curs'd be the place
 ' where the first felt the pangs of child-
 ' birth. May all it's products perish!
 ' May he that shall sow it, lose his grain

and

and his labour! May sudden terror strike, even to the bones, all who shall pass over it!

These were the imprecations of Cain. When Abel, pale as the sculptured marble, ventured to approach him with slow and unsteady step. 'My brother!' said he, in a trembling voice.—'No—O my God!—Horror freezes my blood.—One of the seditious spirits, whom the Eternal precipitated from heaven, has surely taken his form, under which he utters his blasphemies!—Where art thou, my brother?—I fly to seek thee—to bless thee.—Where art thou, my brother?'

'Here I am,' cried Cain, in a voice of thunder: 'here am I, thou soft favourite!—thou dear minion of the vengeful Eternal, and of all nature!—thou, whose viperous race are one day solely to engross all the felicity of this world! Yes, so it must be. It is fit there should be a tribe of slaves, as beasts of burden to the favourite lineage. Their delicate limbs must not endure the hardships of labour. Formed only for voluptuous idleness, these sons of sloth must recline in shady bowers while—The rage of hell is in my heart—Cannot I—'

'Cain! my brother!' said Abel, interrupting him, with a voice and look that at once expressed his horror, affection, and astonishment: 'What terrifying dream has troubled thy soul? I sought thee in the early dawn. I came to embrace thee at the springing day. But how do I find thee agitated? How dost thou return my tender love? When, oh when, my dearest brother! shall peace, shall amity bless our dwellings? When will come the happy day—a day, after which our indulgent parents so ardently long, when fraternal affection and social joy shall be firmly re-established! O Cain! Cain! canst thou so soon forget the pleasures of reconciliation, of which thou seemedst so sensible, when in a rapture of joy and friendship I flew into thine arms. Have I offended thee, my brother?—Unknowingly have I offended thee? then—But, why dost thou cast on me such furious looks? By all that is sacred, I conjure thee to forget my involuntary fault, and receive my embraces.' As Abel pronounced the last words, he stooped to clasp the knees of his brother; but Cain started back,

crying—'Ah, thou serpent! Wouldst thou twine thyself about me?' At the same instant, with an arm strengthened by rage, he swung a massy club, and smote the head of his brother. The innocent victim of his fury fell at his feet. The bones of his head were crushed. He once raised his dying eyes to his unnatural brother, and giving him a look of pardon and pity, expired. His blood disstained the waving curls of his fair hair, and ran in a stream to the feet of his murderer.

Cain stood motionless, stiffened with horror. The cold sweat ran from his trembling members, while he beheld with agony the last convulsions of his expiring brother. The smoke of the blood he had shed ascended even to him. 'Curst blow!' he cried. 'My brother!—Awake—awake! O my brother!—How pale!—His eyes are fixed!—The blood streams from his head!—Miserable that I was—Ah! what am I now?—Infernal horrors!—'

Thus he cried aloud, and furiously threw from him the bloody club: then with violence struck his temples. He stooped to the dead body, and endeavoured to raise it from the earth, crying—'Abel!—my brother!—awake!—Ah! what tortures do I feel!—How his head hangs!—how it bleeds!—how helpless!—Dead! O anguish insupportable!—he is dead! My crime is without remedy! I fly—whither fly? My tottering knees will scarce bear me!' Having thus spoke, trembling, he hid himself among the bushes.

The seducer, with triumph in his look, remained near the dead. Elate with pride, he stretched his gigantic form to its full height, and his countenance was not less dreadful than the black pillar of smoke, arising from the half-consumed lumber of a lonely cottage, is to the inhabitants, who, returning from their peaceful labours, find all their conveniences, all their riches, the prey of the devouring flames. Anamlech followed the criminal with his eyes, while a ruthless smile spoke his exultation. He then cast on the bleeding body a look of complacency. 'Pleasing sight!' said he: 'I see, for the first time, this earth wet with human blood. The flow of the sacred springs of heaven, before the fatal hour when the Master of the universe precipitated us from those seats of bliss, never gave

me half this pleasure. Never did the harmonious harps of the archangels give me such delight, as the last sighs of a brother murdered by his brother. —And thou, the noblest of thy Maker's works; thou last best effort of his creating hand, what a despicable figure dost thou now make! Rise, beautiful youth! Rise, thou friend of angels! This indolence in thine orisons ill becomes the worship of thy God! —But he stirs not. His own brother has left him weltering in his blood. No, that honour is mine. I guided the arm of the fratricide. It is by actions, such as Satan himself would boast, I shall rise above the vile populace of hell. I hasten to the foot of the infernal throne. The vast concave of the fiery gulph will reverberate my praises. I shall move in triumph through crowds of ignoble spirits, whom no hardy achievement has dignified, and look down with scorn on those who, till now were accounted my equals. Inflated with arrogance, he turned once more to glut his eyes with a last view of the victim: but the hideous traces of despair instantaneously dissipated his ironic smile, and effaced the triumphant pride which sat on his expanded brow. The Lord commanded, and he was seized by infernal horrors: he was overwhelmed by a deluge of torture. He now cursed his existence: he cursed eternity, replete with torments, and yelling fled.

The last sighs of the dying ascended to the throne of God, and demanded of Eternal Justice vengeance on the murderer. Thunder was heard from the holy sanctuary. The golden harps ceased to sound. The eternal hallelujahs were interrupted. Three times the thunder echoed through the lofty arch of heaven. This awful sound was succeeded by the majestic voice of God, issuing from the silver cloud that encompassed his throne. It summoned an archangel. The lucid spirit advanced towards the seat of the Most High, veiling his face with his effulgent wings; and God said—'Death has made his first prey on man. Henceforth be it thy function to assemble the souls of the just. I myself spoke to that of Abel when he fell. When the righteous man is languishing in the cold sweat of death, be thou at his side. By assuring him of eternal felicity, support him in those moments of anxiety, when his soul, trembling

at the view of his past life, dreads a separation from its dust. Thou shalt then calm his fears, and inspire him with confidence. Thou shalt turn his eyes from my rigorous justice, and fix them on my long-suffering and tender mercies. Hasten now towards the earth, to meet the soul of Abel.—Thou, Michael, go with him, and declare to the murderer the sentence pronounced against him.' Thus spoke the Eternal, and again the thunder thrice echoed through the lofty arch of heaven. The archangels, with rapid wing, passed through the celestial ranks. The gates of the Divine abode spontaneously opening to the heavenly messengers, they traversed the boundless expanse, on all sides resplendent, amidst suns without number, and alighted on the earth.

The angel of death called forth the soul of Abel from the ensanguined dust. It advanced with a smile of joy. The more pure and spirituous parts of the body flew off, and mixing with the balsamic exhalations, wafted by the zephyrs from the flowers which sprung up within the compass irradiated by the angel, environed the soul, forming for it an ethereal body. It saw, with a transport till then unknown, the bright messenger coming towards it.

'I salute thee,' said the celestial spirit, while benignity and joy beamed in his eyes: 'I salute thee, O happy soul, now disengaged from thy encumbering dust. Receive my embraces. It is to me an increase of felicity, that I am chosen by the Most High to introduce thee into the realms of light and bliss, where myriads of angels wait to hail thee. Conceive, if thou canst, beloved soul; conceive what it is to behold God face to face—to have communion with him for ever. Thou art going to experience the riches of his grace, the wonders of his love. Thou wilt soon know the immense rewards with which he recompenses virtue. O thou, who hast first laid down thy covering of dust, to be clothed in light, I once more embrace thee.'

'Permit me also to embrace thee, celestial friend,' replied the soul; and overpowered by the extatic sense of its beatitude, it reclined on the angel. 'Delight extreme!—bliss inexpressible! While my soul was imprisoned in the perishing clay, from which it is now released, I meditated in solitude, by the mild

‘ mild and soft light of the unclouded
 ‘ moon, on the charms of virtue, on the
 ‘ glories of my God. These sublime
 ‘ objects, even then, elevated me above
 ‘ myself, and I experienced without
 ‘ knowing it, a faint dawn of the felicity
 ‘ I at present taste. But how much
 ‘ more attractive now are the charms of
 ‘ virtue! How are my ideas of the Divine
 ‘ attributes exalted and enlarged!
 ‘ What new thoughts!—What are now
 ‘ the beauties of spring!—O Sun! where
 ‘ is now thy dazzling lustre?’ The enraptured
 ‘ soul again embraced the angel, and continued to
 ‘ utter its transports.
 ‘ Eternity now is mine. All sublunary
 ‘ cares are at an end. I shall for ever
 ‘ be employed in praising my God, who;
 ‘ with unbounded beneficence, bestows
 ‘ never-ending felicity on the soul that
 ‘ pants after virtue, and delights in the
 ‘ beauty of goodness. For ever shall I
 ‘ exalt his name; for ever shall I enjoy
 ‘ ineffable bliss: for I shall see Him as
 ‘ He is.’

Thus did the two happy spirits interchange reciprocal
 ‘ endearments, and the sweet embrace. ‘ Follow me, my
 ‘ friend,’ said the archangel—‘ Follow
 ‘ my flight. Let us quit the earth: nothing
 ‘ here can now be dear to thee,
 ‘ but the virtuous. Regret not to leave
 ‘ them behind; for, after a few more
 ‘ rising and setting suns, they too will
 ‘ partake of thy felicity. At present
 ‘ the celestial choir waits with ardent expectation
 ‘ thy coming. Haste to embrace
 ‘ your new friends, and join with them
 ‘ in incessant hallelujahs to the Eternal.’

‘ I follow thee,’ replied the righteous
 ‘ soul. ‘ Into what a torrent of delight
 ‘ and felicity art thou conveying me,
 ‘ dear and respectable friend, whose nature
 ‘ is so far superior to mine!—O
 ‘ my beloved kindred! whom I leave
 ‘ still embodied in dust; who must still remain
 ‘ in the vale of tears; when the days
 ‘ of your lives are fulfilled, when the
 ‘ hour of your dissolution is at hand,
 ‘ and the celestial introducer of souls
 ‘ shall descend to meet you, I will accompany
 ‘ him; for at the foot of the
 ‘ Almighty’s throne I will beg this
 ‘ grace. With what joy shall I see
 ‘ your pure and holy souls rise from
 ‘ this seat of corruption; from this region
 ‘ of death!—And thou too, Thirza,
 ‘ my dear and tender companion! when
 ‘ thou hast yet a little longer wept over
 ‘ my mouldering dust, and hast reared to

‘ virtue the infant that now but begins to
 ‘ prattle forth its thoughts, thou must
 ‘ be the prey of death. What rapture!
 ‘ when thy soul, quitting the cold clay,
 ‘ shall fly into mine arms.’

Thus spake Abel, and rising in the
 ‘ air, began to lose sight of the earth. As
 ‘ his eyes were taking a last look on the
 ‘ dwellings, whose inhabitants were still
 ‘ dear to him, he beheld his brother: remorse
 ‘ was imprinted on his countenance; his
 ‘ clenched hands were held over his
 ‘ head; he suddenly lifted up his eyes to
 ‘ heaven, then, frantic with despair, struck
 ‘ with repeated blows his throbbing breast;
 ‘ he cast himself in agony on the earth,
 ‘ and rolled in the dust. Tears of compassion
 ‘ dropped from the eyes of the happy,
 ‘ and he turned aside from the frightful
 ‘ scene. His heavenly conductor was now
 ‘ joined by multitudes of angels; the
 ‘ tutelary spirits of the earth surrounded
 ‘ the celestial travellers; they congratulated
 ‘ the soul of Abel on its deliverance from
 ‘ sin and death; they embraced him in
 ‘ holy rapture; and having escorted him
 ‘ to the confines of the terrestrial atmosphere,
 ‘ they reclined on a crimson cloud, and,
 ‘ to the soft lute and silver harp, joined
 ‘ the melody of their celestial voices,
 ‘ chanting in chorus.

‘ He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven
 ‘ rises to his native land.—Render
 ‘ him homage, ye brilliant constellations,
 ‘ which roll in the immensity of space!
 ‘ render homage, with gladness, to the
 ‘ earth, your companion. What glory
 ‘ to that opaque sphere to have nourished
 ‘ in its dust a being prepared for the joys
 ‘ of immortality!—Glow, ye fields, with
 ‘ brighter verdure!—Reflect, ye hills, a
 ‘ purer light!

‘ He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven
 ‘ rises to his native land. Legions of
 ‘ angels wait his arrival at the celestial
 ‘ portals. With what rapture will they
 ‘ welcome their new companion to the
 ‘ seats of bliss! They will crown him
 ‘ with unfading roses. What will be his
 ‘ transport, when he traverses the flowery
 ‘ fields of heaven! when, under the aromatic
 ‘ bowers of eternal verdure, he
 ‘ joins the angelic choir in their song of
 ‘ praise, ascribing glory, honour, power
 ‘ and dominion, to the source of happiness,
 ‘ the sole principle of all good!

‘ Already have we celebrated the day
 ‘ when his soul descended from the hands
 ‘ of its Creator, and entered into its
 ‘ body of earth. Already, O festive day!

‘hast thou been celebrated, and we will still celebrate thee. We saw his young mind improve in every virtue: it hastened to maturity and strength, like the lily in the spring. We have seen, with joy, his aspirations after perfection. Invisible, we have beheld the uniformity of his life, the consistency of his actions. We have joined in his devout praises, we have sympathized in his tender sorrow. His virtuous tears have given joy to the angels. Virtue was his motive and guide. For ever shall he enjoy the rewards of virtue.’

‘He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land. Receive him, ye sons of light! crown him with celestial roses! Honour him whom the Most High delighteth to honour! Yonder, like a faded flower, lies the dust he has abandoned.—Parent earth, receive it in thy bosom: again receive the precious dust! Each spring it shall produce odoriferous flowers. Each year we will solemnize the day in which his righteous soul quitted the earth.’

Thus they sang; then, borne on their lucid cloud, descended to the earth.

Cain wandered in despair among the bushes. He roved from place to place; but change of situation decreased not the horror that had lodged itself in his convulsed heart. Thus the traveller in vain quickens his pace, in vain exerts his skill and strength, to avoid an irritated serpent; the reptile pursues him with his poisonous breath; it encircles his limbs; it fixes it’s sting. Where shall he fly from torture? Already convulsions seize his wounded breast, the mortal poison flows to his heart. So Cain vainly strove to fly his pain. ‘Oh, that I could no more see the streaming blood!’ he cried. ‘I fly, but the blood follows me still—still it runs to my feet. Where shall I fly?—Where?—Miserable that I am!—His last look!—What have I done? The dreadful deed is the work of hell—I already feel it’s tortures! I have, with him, murdered his unborn offspring.—Ah! what noise is that among the bushes? Why sighs the dead?—Away, haste, feet, far away from the pursuing blood—far away from the dreadful sight of death!—Drag me away, ye trembling knees, sprinkled with a brother’s blood, to hell!’ At these words he walked with fast and unequal steps.

A black cloud alighted at his feet,

from the midst of which issued an awful voice, saying—‘Cain, where is thy brother?’—‘I know not—me miserable!’ ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ answered he, stammering and retreating back, pale as the lifeless corpse of Abel. Loud thunders now burst from the cloud; the grass and bushes blazed around him, and Michael the archangel stood before him; arrayed in terror. On his majestic brow were imprinted the menaces of the Lord. In his right-hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left over the appalled sinner. He spoke, and it again thundered. ‘Stop, trembler! Hear thy sentence. Thus saith the Lord—“What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother’s blood crieth to me. “Thou art cursed on the earth, which hath drank the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren, and thou shalt be “a vagabond on it’s surface.” The terrified sinner was mute and immovable: his head bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground, while his heart was torn with anguish, like that of the impious atheist, when God, terrible in judgment, shakes the earth, and he sees the profaned temples and the sumptuous palaces of sinners shake to their foundations, and fall into ruins; while his ears are terrified with the groans of the dying, the sobs of grief, and the shrieks of despair. In this convulsion of nature, thick smoke and flames burst from the cleft earth. Wild with horror, he attempts to fly. He staggers on the tremulous ground. He reels. He falls. Equal terror shook the fratricide. He attempted to speak; but only inarticulate stammerings came from his trembling lips, while dread still kept his eyes fixed on the earth. At length he cried, in a voice which spoke his anguish—‘My crime is too great—ah! much too great, ever to be forgiven!—Now, O inexorable God! thou hast cursed me on the earth, and—Where can I hide myself from Thy presence?—Banished from society—a vagabond—the first who meets me will slay me, and rid the earth of an infamous murderer.’

‘A vengeance, seven-fold more dreadful than thine, shall fall on him who sheds thy blood,’ said the angel, speaking again in thunder. ‘Dark disquietude and gnawing remorse are strongly imprinted on thy brow. By these marks shalt thou be known, and all, on

‘on seeing thee, shall quit the path made
‘by thy wandering feet, crying—
“There goes Cain the murderer!”
The angel, having thus announced the
Divine anathema, disappeared. Thunder
again issued from the rising cloud:
a dreadful whirlwind tore up by the
roots the trees and bushes, with a noise
that resembled the howlings of a male-
factor suffering under the agonies of
penal torture.

Cain stood motionless. Despair glared
in his eyes; yet fierceness was still
seen in his bushy brows. The furious
winds shook his erect hair. Wild fear,
at length, forced from his livid and quiv-
ering lips these horrid accents. ‘Why
‘has he not annihilated me?—Where-
‘fore not annihilated me, that no traces
‘of me might remain in the creation?
‘Why was I not blasted by his light-
‘nings? Why did not his thunder strike
‘me to the depths of the earth?—But
‘his ire reserves me for perpetual suf-
‘ferings—torments without end.—De-
‘tested by my fellow-creatures—all na-
‘ture abhors me—I abhor myself.—
‘Already the attendants on guilt haunt
‘me; shame, remorse, despair.—Shut
‘out from human society, banished
‘from God, I shall, while on earth,
‘feel the torments of hell—I feel them
‘now.—Curst be thou, O arm, which
‘so hastily executed the impulses of
‘passion; mayest thou wither on my
‘body, like the blighted limb of a tree!—
‘Curst be the hour when a dream from
‘hell deceived me—And thou, infernal
‘fiend, who suggested it! Where art
‘thou now, that I may curse thee? Art
‘thou returned to hell? Mayest thou
‘there suffer incessantly what I now
‘feel! Nothing worse can I wish thee.—
‘This is your triumph, ye spirits of
‘darkness! Gaze on, ye devils, and
‘wonder at my misery!’—Spent with
agony, he sat down on the trunk of a fal-
len tree, and remained, without strength
or voice, motionless as the dead. Then
starting, he cried—‘Ha! what noise is
‘that? It is the voice of murdered Abel!’
‘—he groans—I see his streaming blood!
‘—O my brother! my brother! in pity
‘to my inexpressible anguish, cease to
‘haunt me!’ He now continued sit-
ting in speechless agony, sighs only burst-
ing from his tortured heart.

In the mean time the father of man-
kind, with his amiable spouse, having
left their cottage, came forth to enjoy

the fragrance and beauty of the early
day. ‘With what majesty does the
‘sun dart his first rays!’ cried Eve.
‘How they gild the flimsy mist that
‘hovers over yonder field! How charm-
‘ing the appearance of the country!
‘Let us walk on, Adam, amid the dew,
‘till the hour of labour calls thee to the
‘field, and me to our dwelling. O my
‘beloved! this earth is still lovely. See,
‘Adam, how all the creatures rejoice:
‘each bush, each eminence pours forth
‘its melody! The beasts too, how they
‘frisk and bound, and chace each other!
‘with what gaiety and life they wel-
‘come the morning rays!’

Adam answered—‘Yes, my love, the
‘earth is still beautiful; it still bears
‘visible marks of the presence of God,
‘and of His infinite goodness, which our
‘folly and ingratitude have not yet been
‘able to exhaust. Yes, His mercy,
‘His munificence, exceed the power of
‘words to express, are too great for the
‘rejoiced heart to conceive. Let us
‘hasten, Eve, through those flowery
‘fields, to the smiling pastures where
‘Abel feeds his flock. Perhaps we
‘may find that amiable, that dutiful
‘son, chanting his morning hymn, and,
‘in devout melody, praising his Crea-
‘tor.’

‘Dear Adam,’ returned Eve, ‘let
‘us first go to the field of Cain. I have
‘in this basket brought a little present
‘for my first-born. I have culled out
‘some of the best of my figs, and a few
‘bunches of my finest dried grapes.
‘They will be an agreeable refreshment
‘for him, when at mid-day he retires to
‘the shade, faint and fatigued with la-
‘bour. Let us go to him first, my
‘spouse; for fain would I erase from
‘his mind the idea that he is not be-
‘loved by us with the same affection
‘that we love his brother.’

‘How attentive, my dearest, is thy
‘tenderness!’ replied Adam: ‘I will
‘accompany thee with joy to the field
‘of Cain. Let us carry him thy pre-
‘sent, that he may not say all our con-
‘cern and love are lavished on Abel.
‘May the serenity of this delightful
‘morning dispose his heart to the im-
‘pressions of tenderness!’ They now re-
doubled their pace, and walked towards
the open country. ‘How happy,’ said
Eve, as she was going on—‘how happy
‘should I think myself, if, when na-
‘ture thus smiles, and awakens every
‘sentiment

'sentiment of tenderness and joy, our first-born receives us with affection! if his heart is open to the soft sensations of filial love!'

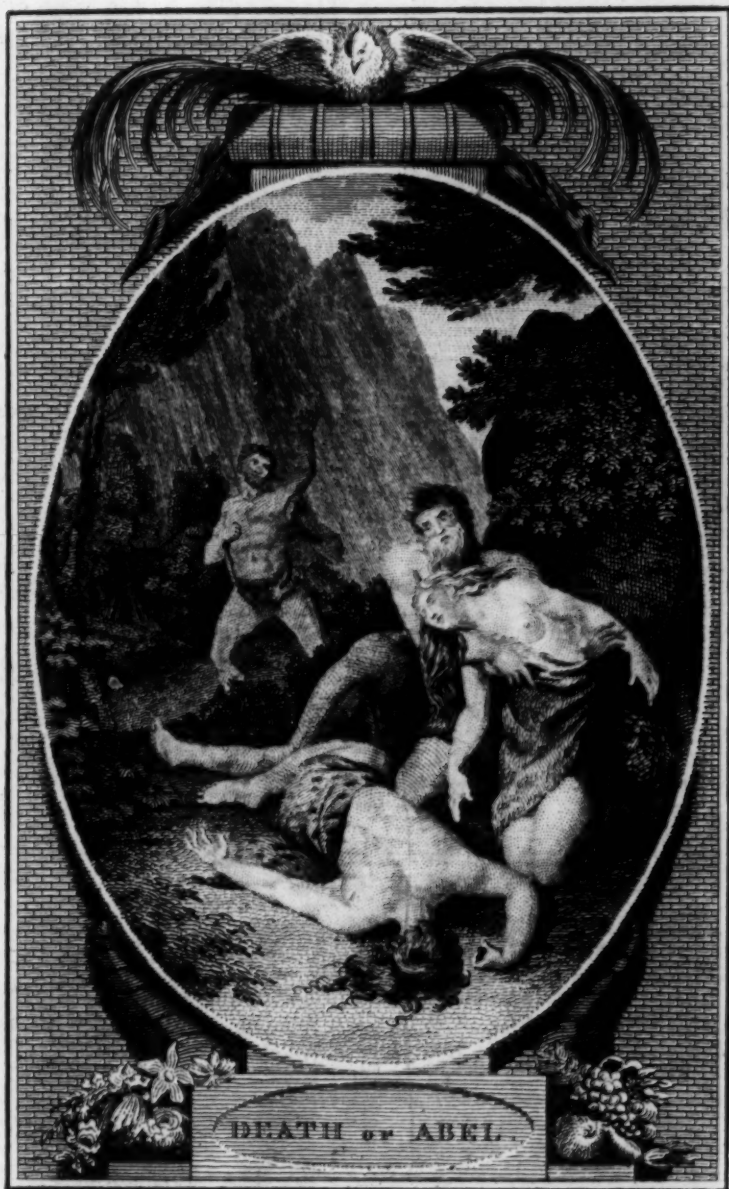
They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice—'Who lies there?—Adam, who's that lies there?—He lieth not like one asleep—His face is on the ground—Those golden locks are Abel's.—Adam, why do I tremble?—Abel! Abel! awake—awake, my son! turn to me thy face—turn to me thy face! Awake, ah! awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with terror!—They approach nearer.—What do I see?' cried Adam, trembling and retiring back: 'Blood! blood trickling from his temples! His head is covered with blood!—O Abel! O my son!—my son!—my dear son!' cried Eve, lifting up his arm, stiffened by death; then sunk, pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast. Horror and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, frantic with despair, came without design to the place where lay the dead body of his brother, and seeing near the corpse his father motionless, and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out, trembling—'He is dead!—I killed him!—Curst be the hour, O father of men! when thou begattest me!—And thou, woman! curst be the instant when thou broughtest me forth!—He is dead!—I killed him!' repeated he, and fled.

Two lovers, united by a sense of their mutual perfections, enjoying sweet converse, sit near each other. A tempest suddenly rises; the subtle lightnings dart—the blue flame quivers o'er their heads. Each strives to succour each—alas! in vain—embracing still, they living seem, though void of life. Thus our first parents sat, pale and silent, without sign of life, except an universal trembling. Adam first recovered from his lethargy of stupid grief. 'Where am I?' he cried, in broken accents. 'How I tremble!—My God! my God!—Ah, there he lies!—Wretched father!—What horrors shake my soul!—How can I support the dreadful thought!—His brother killed him!—he has cursed us!—O Abel! O my son! My veins are chilled; my blood runs cold.—Ah, miserable parent! One son has cursed

thee; the other lies before thee, embued in his own blood. What evils, what torments, have I brought on myself, and my wretched offspring!—Ah, fatal sin!—And thou too, Eve, thou awakest not!—How my terrors encrease!—Art thou dead too?—Am I left alone, a prey to anguish?—Yet, O God, in the midst of desolation, I adore Thy decrees, I revere Thy justice—I am a sinner.—An icy coldness insinuates itself into my beating heart. My eyes fail.—O Death! why delayest thou?—O Abel! O my dear son! He then again cast a look on the body: the tears flowed down his venerable face, and with them ran the cold sweat.—Thou at last awakest, dear Eve,' he continued: 'but, alas! to what inexpressible tortures dost thou awake! Ah! what distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my misery.'

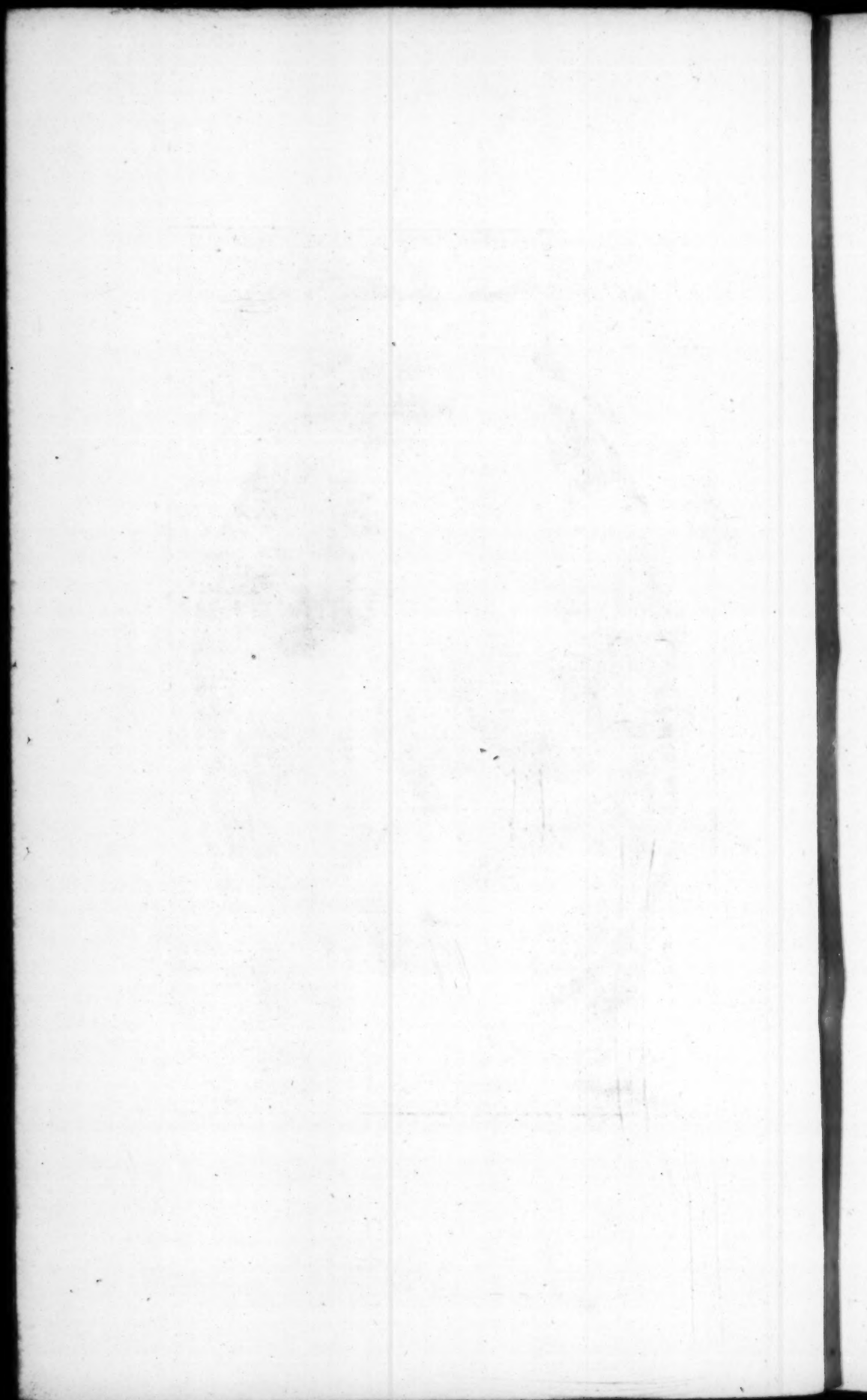
'Adam,' replied Eve, in a fearful accent, 'is the murderer gone? The voice of cursing thunders no more—I no longer hear the voice of his cursing. Curse me—me alone, barbarous fratricide! I was the first sinner.—O my child!—my child!—O Abel, my dearest son!—She now sunk from the arms of Adam on the dead. My son—my son!' she cried, speaking to the insensible clay: 'thine eyes are fixed, no more they turn on me.—Awake, awake!—Alas! I call in vain: he is dead!—That is death—the death with which we were threatened, when cursed by God after the fall. O insufferable torment!—I was the first sinner!—O my husband! spouse beloved and dear! thy tears rend my heart. It was I that seduced thee. Of me—of me, O weeping father, demand thy son's blood!—of me your brother, my wretched children!—Me—me curse, murderer of brothers! but spare your father—I was the first sinner!—O my son! my son! thy blood rises against me!—it accuses me, unhappy parent!' Thus lamented the mother of the human race, while her tears streamed on the congealing blood.

Adam cast on his wife looks full of tenderness and grief. 'Dear Eve,' said he, 'what exquisite pangs thou givest my bursting heart! Cease, I entreat thee, cease thus to torment me! I conjure thee, by our miseries, by our tender love, I conjure thee to cease thus reproaching



C. J. Burney del.

Angus sculp.



reproaching thyself! We both have sinned; we both are guilty. The bitter consequences of our crimes are but too sad remembrances of our ingratitude and folly. But the Almighty, whom we have offended, the God who chastises us; still regards us with a pitying eye.—Yes, my God! we are yet allowed to supplicate Thee in our distress. Thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner.—We yet live, Eve, and our souls are out of the reach of death. It can only strip us of this body, subject to pain and grief. Our immortal souls will, if we are virtuous, triumph over death, and enjoy permanent felicity in the realms of happiness and glory, where we shall behold the light of God's countenance, and incessantly praise Him to all eternity. This, my beloved, ought to be our consolation—our great consolation; but—his murderer is his brother. Ah! my first-born killed his brother!

'Yes, dear son!' cried Eve, her tears still flowing; 'death has delivered thee from solicitude, pain, and grief. Thou art no more exposed to suffer. We should wish to follow thee. Alas! we must still endure tribulations and inquietudes from which thou art now exempt. But can I cease to weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love?—O Adam! what a sight of horror is now that precious body! Where are those smiles, the sweet emanations of filial tenderness, that used to be seen on his countenance? How faded, how livid are his bloody cheeks! We shall no more hear from those lips seraphic harmony! no more have our souls raised to God by his angelic converse! no more will they express the endearing sensations of his heart!—Those eyes, now fixed in death, with what delight and transport have I seen them shed tears of joy, when I have given him signs of the love—the inexpressible love that warmed my heart, charmed with his spotless virtue!—Ah, my son! thy weeping mother must forever deplore thy death.—O sin, sin, dreadful are thy inroads! what hideous forms dost thou assume!—Abel—dear Abel!—I, thy mother, thine unhappy mother—exquisite woe!—am also the mother of thy murderer!' Here her speech again failing, she remained motionless on the cold corpse, void of sensation. When Adam, with

a deep sigh, cried—'How am I abandoned! All around me is a gloomy desert. Nature seems to have changed her face. No longer she smiles on me. Alas! he is dead!—he who filled my life with soft consolation, sweet pleasure, and gladdening hope, is no more!—Dear Abel! is it true that thou art dead? Is it—can it be true, that it was Cain, that horror of nature! who—O God! thou beholdest our extreme desolation. Oh! pardon, pardon our lamentations! Forgive us, that we lie mourning in the dust like a worm! And what are we more in Thy sight? Pardon us, though we mourn in the dust like the trampled worm, half crushed by the heedless foot of the passer.'—

Adam now stood pale and silent as the statue of grief on a mossy tomb surrounded with funeral cypresses. At length he turned to the body of his murdered son, and, stooping to Eve, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the corpse, and pressed it with ardour to his breast. 'Eve, my dear companion, awake!' said he, hanging over her: 'awake, dear spouse, awake! Turn thy looks on me! Cease to wash with thy tears the insensible dust! Sink not thus under the weight of thy grief! Has thy sorrow for thy son stifled all tenderness, all concern for me, thine husband? Turn, dear spouse, turn thy looks on me! It is just that we should feel, keenly feel, our loss; that the horrors of death should terrify us; that we should mourn the fatal consequences of our sin: but to be thus overcome by grief, thus overpowered by dejection, is criminal. It is as if we reproached Eternal Justice, as punishing with too much severity. O Eve! give not way to this culpable despair, lest Divine Mercy, irritated by our obstinacy, should deem us unworthy of consolation.' Eve immediately turned her face from the body towards Adam, and, raising her humid eyes to heaven, said—'Forgive, O God! forgive my grief! pardon my tears!—Do you, my dearest spouse, my love, my life, forgive my sorrow! My distress is beyond all words! yet thou still lovest me—me who seduced thee to commit the crime we now deplore.—Thou hatest me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy sons by the other is the result of my transgression. Ah, Adam! let me—'

weep

' weep in thine arms; let me once more
' weep on my child's body, and mingle
' my tears with his blood! She then
pressed her face, bedewed with tears, on
Adam's hand.

Thus grieved and lamented the parents of the human race over the first dead; when Adam, casting his dejected eyes around, beheld at a distance one of the celestial messengers: the fragrant flowers which sprung up at each step indicated the light vestiges of his feet. His serene brow announced peace: consolation, amity, and affection, smiled on his lips and cheeks; and the sweetness of his eyes spoke sympathizing complacency. A white vesture, brighter than the clouds which surround the nocturnal planet, fluttered in waving folds on his beauteous form. The angel advanced towards them, while his presence seemed to enliven with fresher verdure the smiling country. 'Eve,' said the father of men, 'raise thine eyes, dry thy tears, suppress thy sighs! behold, one of the children of Heaven is coming to comfort us. See with what graceful benignity he approaches! already a ray of divine consolation has darted into my benighted soul; already my heart has lost part of the oppressive load under which it groaned.—I acquiesce, O my God! in Thine appointments: I adore Thy judgments: with gratitude and love I acknowledge Thy mercies. —Weep no more, Eve! Rise! let us meet the friendly angel.'

Eve, supported by her spouse, arose, and the bright spirit stood before them. He regarded with attention the first prey of death; but soon turned his eyes on Adam and Eve, whose faces now reflected the luminous brightness of the angel, and, in a sweet and harmonious voice, said—'Be blest, O ye who are weeping over the spoils of death in your son! May ye be blest! The Most High hath permitted me to visit you in your affliction. Among the angels who are commissioned to watch over and guard the inhabitants of this earth, none loved Abel more than I. I was constantly near him, when the orders of the Eternal did not oblige me to be absent. When his exalted soul, inflamed with the love of virtue, vented its rapturous sensations in tears of holy joy, or in devout hymns, which the tutelar spirits disdained not to repeat in their concerts, I inspired him

' with such ideas of his future felicity as
' it was possible he could be susceptible
' of while united to his dust. Weep
' not for him; mourn not for him like
' the children of despair! He is happy:
' his immortal soul survives. Let this
' soften your grief. Death has only de-
' tached it from a weak and frail body.
' Without interruption or incumbrance,
' he now enjoys whatever can delight a
' wife and good being. His happiness
' far exceeds all you can imagine, while
' you only see through the dark medium
' of the senses. He is with the angels
' and archangels before the throne of
' God. Yet weep, my friends! he well
' deserved your love. Lament your loss;
' but let his unspeakable gain soon dry
' your tears. You are not separated for
' ever. Soon shall the angel of death
' visit you also—soon will you be united
' to your beloved son, to part no more.
' The pale King of Terrors will assume
' to each of you a different form; but
' you will receive him as becomes the
' candidates for future happiness, and
' welcome him as a friend long expected.
' —Listen, O Adam! to the order of thy
' God. Restore this corruptible body to
' its origin, the dust; dig a pit, cover
' it with earth.' Thus spake the angel,
while benevolence and piety appeared in
every look and every gesture. Desolation fled. Despair was no more. Thus the pure water of a limpid spring refreshes the spent traveller, who, having long trod the scorching sands of the desert, pants with thirst, and fainting under the sun's too ardent rays, is sinking to the earth: but no sooner has he drank the crystalline draught, than he rests his fatigued limbs in peace on the brink, and feels a fresh recruit of strength. He rises with new vigour, and following the stream's murmuring course through a fertile country, at length arrives at some hospitable mansion, whose friendly proprietor entertains him with generous munificence, under embowering shades.

Adam, whose soul was calmed and revived by noble and elevated sentiments, viewing the dazzling lustre of the angel, as he withdrew, said—'Accept of our grateful thanks, celestial friend!—Praised, praised for ever be Thy name, O God Most High! Thy loving kindness, Thy tender mercies, are not withdrawn from the sinner. Thou with compassion dost behold our distress: Thou commandest thine angels to en-
' lighten

' lighten our souls, and bring us comfort.
 ' No longer will we mourn in the dust
 ' —no longer will we despair, like the
 ' spirits of darkness, who are banished
 ' from Thine all-enlivening presence.
 ' We are still surrounded by Thy boun-
 ' ties; still permitted to praise Thee,
 ' to supplicate Thy favour, to adore Thy
 ' wisdom, to celebrate Thy goodness.
 ' Thus enobled, shall we repine and
 ' murmur at Thy dispensations, if the
 ' thorns and briars of affliction are scat-
 ' tered in the way of our pilgrimage to
 ' the bosom of our Father, the dwelling
 ' of our God? We cannot, indeed, en-
 ' tirely restrain our tears for the happy
 ' deceased: we must regret his being
 ' thus suddenly snatched from our em-
 ' braces: but, alas! the unhappy criminal
 ' ought rather to be the object of
 ' our grief, the subject of our most ear-
 ' nest prayers.—O God! what an alle-
 ' viation would it be to our sorrows, if
 ' we dared to hope that Thy mercy had
 ' not cast him off for ever! O my Maker!
 ' he unhappy—he miserable, is the first
 ' fruit of my loins—the first whom Eve

' brought forth with pain.—Let us not
 ' cease, my dearest spouse, to implore
 ' the tender mercies of our God for him.
 ' We will not doubt his loving-kind-
 ' ness: we ourselves were sinners; we
 ' were unworthy of his infinite grace;
 ' yet he has encouraged us to confide in
 ' his promises. When all trembling
 ' we expected eternal chastisement, little
 ' did we hope for mercy. But let us
 ' not defer to execute the command of
 ' the Lord. I will carry this dear body
 ' to our dwelling, and there commit the
 ' precious dust to the earth.'

' O Adam! O my love!' returned
 Eve, ' my soul emerges from over-
 ' whelming sorrow. Conscious of my
 ' own weakness, I support myself, by
 ' thy strength, as the flexible ivy clings
 ' to the firm oak.'

Adam now, by the assistance of his
 weeping spouse, lifted the corpse on his
 shoulders; and, sighing under the sad
 burden, slowly moved towards his dwel-
 ling, while Eve walked weeping by his
 side.

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK V.

NOW Thirza, whose sleep had been disturbed by terrifying visions, opened her eyes to the bright luminary of day, and precipitately quitted her bed. So leaps up the affrighted traveller, who, when spent with fatigue, had laid himself down under the shelter of a rock, when a terrifying dream, suggested by his guardian angel, represents to him the rock falling over his head: trembling, he hastens from the dangerous spot; an instant after the huge mass falls with hideous noise. He seeks the companion of his toilsome journey; but, alas! he is crushed under the ruins. Not less agitated was the wife of Abel. 'What frightful images,' said she, 'have passed before me, while I slept! They resembled nothing in nature.—Welcome, chearful light! thou hast scattered them.—Hail, ye glowing flowers, sweet objects of my attentive care! your various odours, which the morning sun draws forth, will refresh my fatigued brain;—and, ye joyous inhabitants of the air, your soft melody will re-establish serenity in my soul. I will join your morning song. I will join with re-animated nature in praises to the Most High. Creator Almighty! Saviour Propitious! my soul, overpowered by Thy goodness, can but imperfectly express the immensity of Thy benefits, and the extent of its gratitude. Thy ever-waking Providence guards Thy creatures, when, covered by the veil of night, sleep weighs down their eyelids. May my grateful thanks arise to Thee, O God! Accept from a feeble worm the tribute of praise.'

She now left her dwelling, and walked among the opening flowers, whose first sweets were diffused by the morning

breeze. 'My heart still throbs,' said she, 'still anxiety is lodged in my breast. What mean these unusual fears! An interior trembling seems to shake my very soul. My mind is darkened, like the heavens, when black clouds spread through the expanse.—Where art thou, Abel? Where art thou, my beloved? Dearest half of myself! I haste, pursued by gloomy terrors, to loose them in thine arms. I fly to thee with the speed thou wouldst fly, if, benighted in a dark forest, thy feet were winged by fear.'

Having thus spoke, she redoubled her pace, when Mahala seeing her, ran from her cottage to meet her. 'I salute thee, my dear sister,' she cried: 'whither art thou going in such haste, with thine hair disordered, without ornament, not so much as one flower?'—'I go,' replied Thirza 'to throw myself in the arms of my beloved. Unusual terrors have this night disturbed my sleep, and my labouring heart is still oppressed by sad apprehensions, which the serenity of this delightful morning is not able to disperse. But, though the blooming day, though the smiles of Nature cannot dispel my fears, I shall lose them in the gladdening presence of my husband! I therefore run to cast myself in his arms.'

The spouse of Cain replied, with a sigh—'Happy, happy sister! Alas! I have no such sweet resource: I should be lost to all consolation, were it not for a father who loves me, and a tender mother to whom I am dear; were it not for thee, my kind sister, and thine amiable husband. Yes, with you I lose part of the load of woe that Cain's discontent heaps on my wretched head. To him, unhappy! all the beauties

' beauties of nature are only sources of
' melancholy, and he continually re-
' grets the labour which his fertile fields
' so abundantly repay. But, my dearest
' Thirza, above all, I lament his unkind
' and causeless dislike to our gentle bro-
' ther.' Mahala now melted into tears.
Thirza wept also, and tenderly em-
bracing her, replied, penetrated by the
same idea—' Abel and I spend many
' anxious hours in bewailing his inve-
' terate hatred. Our resource is in the
' hand of Heaven. Often, in sleepless
' nights, we send our most fervent pe-
' titions to God, that a beam of His
' grace may disperse the dark clouds
' from his breast; that every baneful
' weed may be rooted out from his heart,
' lest they choke all principles of huma-
' nity and virtue. Ah, my sister! was
' thy husband kind and gentle, again
' would peace smile—again would plea-
' sure bless our dwellings, and we should
' no longer with pain behold the brow
' of our venerable father wrinkled by
' care, nor the eyes of our fond mother
' swelled with weeping.'

Mahala, still in tears, answered—
' This, this is also the subject of my
' incessant prayer. When the earth is
' covered with darkness, while all na-
' ture is hushed, I bewail in silence the
' harsh obduracy of my spouse, and
' pray to the Lord to soften his heart.
' Sometimes the agony of my soul bursts
' forth, in spite of myself, in sobs and
' groans. Then he awakes, and, in a
' terrifying voice, accuses me of depriv-
' ing him of sleep, and the only good
' he enjoys on this wretched earth, so
' severely accused by the Almighty
' Avenger of sin. My dearest sister!
' this too is the employment of my mind,
' while my hands are busied in domestic
' labour. My innocent children, play-
' ing round me, observe my tears, and
' demand, with infantine caresses, why
' I weep? Ah, Thirza! Thirza! I am
' faded by grief, like a young flower,
' when the thick branches of some
' neighbouring tree intercept from it
' the sun's all-cheering rays. My un-
' happy husband, this very day, left our
' dwelling before the dawn. His looks
' were terrible. Never did I see so dark
' a gloom on his countenance. Anger
' flashed from his eyes: his brows were
' knit by rage. Frozen with horror, I
' heard him, as he went forth, curse the
' hour of his birth. This, my sister,

' was his salute to so fine a morning.
' 'Tis true, I have not lost all hope; for
' sometimes (and thou thyself hast ob-
' served it) his virtue breaks through
' the gloom, and his mind is open to
' the soft sensations of social love. Then
' he acknowledges that he has injured
' us, asks forgiveness, and seeks recon-
' ciliation. But, alas! too soon the
' light withdraws: as, in the tempestu-
' ous days of winter, the sun darts a
' cheering ray, and is instantly hid
' from our eyes by closing clouds. Let
' us hope, Thirza, that, as mild spring
' restores light and joy to all na-
' ture, so the heart of my unhappy hus-
' band may be restored to light and
' peace. For this we will incessantly
' petition Heaven. I have always nou-
' rished this hope in the bottom of my
' heart.'

Thus spake Mahala. When Thirza,
pale and trembling, cried—' What
' mournful sound is that?—It comes
' from yonder trees—it is not the cry of
' pain—from yonder trees—O my sister!
' Mahala!—alas! it comes nearer.—
' O my God!—Thirza was now sinking
to the ground, but her alarmed sister sup-
ported her in her arms.

Adam, with tottering steps, was com-
ing from behind the trees, bending un-
der the sad load of his son's lifeless body.
Eve walked by his side: sometimes she
turned her face, faded by grief, towards
the bloody corpse; then hid it under her
hair, dropping with her tears.

Thirza continued pale and motionless
in the trembling arms of Mahala, who
was herself ready to sink under the
weight of her she endeavoured to sustain.
Thus three amiable virgins (but none
ever felt such fond affection) in a sum-
mer's eve walk hand in hand over the
variegated fields. Sudden the thunder
roars; the rapid lightning tears the earth
under their feet: terrified, they fall;
but soon recovering from their surprise,
two of them rise, the third a cinder.
The survivors are struck with new hor-
ror, more dreadful than that caused by
the thunder.

This was the situation of the two
daughters of Adam, when, a little re-
covering, they beheld the corpse of him
they loved. The afflicted father had laid
it on the grass, and was supporting in his
arms his fainting wife, who, weakened
by grief, was near falling to the earth.
' Where am I?' cried Thirza. 'O

‘ my God! where am I?—How he lies!
 ‘ —Abel!—Why did I awake?—Hate-
 ‘ ful light! Ah! unhappy that I am—
 ‘ Mahala!—Ah me miserable!—See,
 ‘ see, my sister, he lies dead!—Sight
 ‘ horrible!—Light hateful!—Why did
 ‘ I awake?’

‘ Thirza,’ cried Mahala, in a tremulous voice, ‘ let us not give way to
 ‘ vain terrors!—To me—to me also,
 ‘ the idea is dreadful as the forked light-
 ‘ ning.—Ah, she again faints!—Awake,
 ‘ Thirza—awake!—Let us go to him:
 ‘ he is not dead! Thy voice, thine em-
 ‘ braces, will rouse him from sleep.’

After these words, the two sisters, leaning on each other, dragged their enfeebled limbs towards the body. ‘ Oh! my father! O my mother! how
 ‘ they weep!—what dreadful terrors
 ‘ seize me!’ cried Thirza, as she approached near the corpse. ‘ Abel!—
 ‘ Abel!—my beloved!—my joy!—my
 ‘ life!—my husband!—awake. Ah!
 ‘ unutterable woe, he awakes not!—
 ‘ Abel!—hear my plaintive cries, the
 ‘ groans of thy distressed wife!’—She then cast herself on the body, to embrace it, with extended arms; but at the sight of the blood, and fatal wound, she, giving a terrifying shriek, fell on the earth, without voice, motion, or sign of life, pale and cold as him she mourned. Despair was seen in her open and fixed eyes. Near her sat on the earth Mahala, dissolved in tears: wringing her hands, she sometimes raised her weeping eyes to Heaven, sometimes she fixed them with eager attention on the bloody corpse.

Adam, whose deep grief was augmented by the sorrows of his daughters, stayed to console them: ‘ O my dear
 ‘ children!—O Thirza!—O Mahala!’ said he; ‘ would to God that my anguish
 ‘ could keep from pain the hearts of
 ‘ those I love! But, my beloved, hear
 ‘ me—listen to the soft sounds of consolation! While Eve and I were weeping over this dear body, an angel, replete in beauty, came to us. He was
 ‘ commissioned from the Most High to
 ‘ soothe our sorrows. “ Weep not!”
 ‘ said he; “ be comforted! He whom
 ‘ you lament still exists. He has only
 ‘ left this frail covering of dust. Dis-
 ‘ engaged from a mortal body, his soul
 ‘ is more happy than ye can conceive,
 ‘ while your souls are enveloped in
 ‘ their earthly covering. Ye are not
 ‘ separated for ever: in a little time ye

“ shall be reunited; ye shall enjoy with
 “ him torrents of delight, of which your
 “ gross senses can give you no idea.”
 ‘ Let us not, my Thirza—let us not,
 ‘ Mahala, profane the funeral of the
 ‘ happy by our inconsoleable lamenta-
 ‘ tions!—Let us not offend the Almighty
 ‘ by our despair!’

Thirza still remained without sense or motion, while the wife of Cain, elevating her joined hands above her head, thus expressed her grief—‘ O my father!
 ‘ why do you blame our tears? Can we
 ‘ forbear to weep—can we forbear to lament, while he lies before our eyes,
 ‘ extended, cold and dead!—O thou,
 ‘ our consolation! our joy! O Abel!
 ‘ thou art lost to us, and our sweetest
 ‘ employment will be to weep for thee
 ‘ till the hour of death. Yes, thou art
 ‘ in the possession of never-ending happiness and glory! thou enjoyest that
 ‘ beatitude after which thy holy soul so
 ‘ ardently panted: thou wilt for ever
 ‘ join with the angels in their song of
 ‘ praise to the Most High. We too
 ‘ hope to partake of thy felicity, when
 ‘ our All-merciful God shall call us
 ‘ from our sad exile, this house of sorrow, rendered more desolate by thy
 ‘ loss. Ah, Abel! ah, my brother!
 ‘ thou art lost to us, and our sweetest
 ‘ employment will be to weep for thee
 ‘ till the wished-for hour of death.
 ‘ —Where wert thou, Cain, my spouse,
 ‘ where wert thou when my brother
 ‘ died? Hadst thou even then given him
 ‘ the fraternal embrace, and sought his
 ‘ forgiveness, with what affection would
 ‘ he have cast his weak arms around
 ‘ thee! Though expiring, he would have
 ‘ blest thee, and implored for thee the
 ‘ Divine consolations with his dying
 ‘ lips. What a sweet relief would this
 ‘ remembrance have been to thy sorrows!
 ‘ How would it have softened the griefs
 ‘ of thy future days!—But—O my mother!—what new woe makes thine
 ‘ eyes stream?—O my father! speak—
 ‘ speak, I conjure thee! Why this horror on thy countenance?—No answer!
 ‘ —O my tortured heart!—Where—
 ‘ say where, O my father!—say, O my
 ‘ mother! where is Cain, my husband?’
 Eve replied—‘ O my child! who
 ‘ knows where, pursued by Divine vengeance!—Ah, my God!—the unhappy—
 ‘ happy—but what do I say?—I tremble
 ‘ to speak it!—He—he—Ah me! unhappy mother!—Horrid—detestable
 ‘ ideas,

' ideas, tear not thus my wretched bosom! Ah, miserable parent that I am! ' why—he—' ' Ah, my mother!' interrupted Mahala, ' spare me not—spare me not, I conjure thee, O my mother! ' On me—on me let the tempest fall—I am already crushed; already torn by frightful apprehensions.'—' Cain—O Heavens! Cain has—Killed him!' cried Eve. ' Ah, Mahala!—Ah, Thirza!—Cain killed him!' Her excessive grief then took from her the power of speech.

Mahala was struck mute with terror. Her immoveable eyes shed no tears. The cold sweat trickled down her pale face, and her trembling lips were discoloured. At length she cried out in agony—' He kill Abel!—Cain, my husband, kill his brother!—Where art thou, fratricide? Where—where, oh! where has thy guilt pursued thee? Has the thunder of God avenged thy brother?—Dost thou cease to exist?—Where art thou, most miserable? To what country of despair art thou fled, followed by the curse of God?' Thus raved Mahala, tearing her hair.

' Barbarous fratricide! vile murderer!' exclaimed Thirza; ' how couldst thou kill so kind a brother? who doubtless, when expiring under the mortal blow given by thy cruel hand, regarded thee with eyes full of love?—Ah, Cain! curse—curse be—' ' O my sister! ' O Thirza!' cried Mahala, interrupting her, ' curse him not! He is thy brother!—he is my husband! Rather let us implore for him the mercies of God. ' I am sure, when falling in his blood, the holy victim of his fury cast on him an eye of compassion; and I doubt not but he now intercedes for him before the eternal throne. Let our prayers ascend from the dust, and join those of the happy. O curse him not, Thirza—curse not thy brother!'

' Whither doth the excess of my grief transport me?' answered Thirza. ' I did not curse him, my sister: I have not cursed the unhappy.' Then reclining on the corpse, she kissed the bloodbesprinkled cheeks, the cold and livid lips. She remained long silent, indulging fruitless sorrow. At length she cried, with a faint and interrupted voice—' Would to God, my beloved, I had, at thy death, kissed thy quivering lips; heard the last expressions of thy love; seen thy last tender look, and received

thy last embrace!—Oh that I had then expired within thine arms!—but, alas! I am left a prey to unutterable sorrow. Every object that used to inspire delight will now increase my woes.—Ye shady bowers, ye now are desolate; ye can now only inspire me with terror: I shall think you ask for him, who, in your sweet retreats, was wont to embrace me in tender rapture. The murmuring fountains will enquire what is become of my beloved. Left forlorn, I can no more taste of joy. The shades, the streams, the hills, the plains, alike to me are hateful. Alas! no more I see, with fond delight, him that made all lovely. I shall, indeed, still behold him; but, oh distressing object! I shall behold these wan cheeks, these fixed and sightless eyes, this clotted blood, this dreadful wound.—Flow, flow, my tears! for ever flow on this pale face. What dignity once appeared on this faded countenance! The charms of soft persuasion dwelt on these cold and stiffened lips. Every beauty, every grace, shone in his lovely form: but his soul, too pure, too holy to converse with mortals, to converse with me, is fled for ever!—Stream, my eyes, stream without ceasing, on this withered corpse, till my longing soul leaves it's dust with his.'

Thus lamented Thirza, while her tears ran on the senseless body. Eve's grief was increased by the sorrows of her daughters. ' My dearest children, she cried, ' cease, I intreat you, cease thus to tear my heart! Your tears, your sighs and groans augment my miseries; they are to me the most cutting reproaches. It is I—it is I that have filled the souls of those I love with anguish! My folly, my guilt has undone us all! I, alas! introduced sin and death! Forgive me, O my children! forgive your afflicted mother! I conjure you, by the pangs I suffered to bring you into the world, to forgive me! Cease to tear my heart by your immoderate sorrow!' Mahala and Thirza ran to her; they embraced her knees, and, with looks of duteous affection, said—' O our mother! our dearest mother! who brought us forth with pain! whose kind cares guarded us in helpless infancy! aggravate not our distress by thy despair! We meant not, by our complaints, to reproach thee, our dear, our tender mother.'

' We

'We love, we reverence, we honour thee, but we cannot command our grief: it will burst from our bosoms and eyes in sighs and tears. How can we restrain these expressions of a love the most tender! they are the voice of nature.'

They still clasped their mother's knees, while their weeping eyes were tenderly fixed on her's, when Adam said—'O my beloved! let us no longer defer restoring this precious dust to the earth, as the Lord our God hath commanded. The lenient hand of Time will abate our grief, and dry our tears. Victorious Reason will teach us to conquer this unavailing sorrow. We shall long, ardently long, to partake of his happiness, as the bride wishes for the day that is to unite her to her beloved.'—'Yes, commit this dear body to it's parent earth,' replied Thirza, turning her pale and faded face to Adam: 'but suffer me, O my father! to weep a little longer, ere it is hid for ever, on the dear, the precious dust! suffer me once more to press the cold clay to my breast!' At these words she threw herself with extended arms on the corpse.

Adam now began to dig a pit in the earth, while Eve and Mahala stood weeping near him. When the golden-haired Eliel and little Josiah, Cain's two infant sons, approached, hand in hand, to the spot where lay the body. 'Brother—' Josiah' said Eliel, 'who's that sobs so loud? Let's go nearer, brother. Ah! that's Abel!—it is Abel our uncle!—How pale he is!—His hair is all bloody!—He lies like a lamb going to be burnt on the altar!'—'My dear Eliel!' replied Josiah, 'see how Thirza weeps for him!—He don't mind her tears! He don't look at her!—I tremble—I am frightened—let us run to our mother.—See, see, she weeps too!' They now hastened to Mahala, on the other side of the grave, and clinging about her, said—'O mother! why do you weep? Why does Abel lie there? Why is he all bloody, like a lamb for sacrifice?' Mahala tenderly embraced the infants, while her tears ran on their little heads, and said—'My dear children! death has taken his soul from the body. It is carried up to heaven, to dwell there with God and his angels, where it will be for ever happy.'—'Then he will wake no more!' replied Eliel, bursting into

tears: 'he will never awake!—never! He that loved us so dearly, and used to set us on his knee, and tell Josiah and me such fine stories about God, the angels, and the wonders of nature.—Ah, brother!—ah, Josiah! we shall never more hear Abel sing hymns! He will talk to us no more!—He will never, never awake! How our father will weep for him, when he comes from the field! How pale! how frightful!' The terrified children now hid their faces in the folds of their mother's vestment.

Adam having finished digging the grave—'Wake thou!' said he to Thirza: 'wake, my beloved! Let us obey the Divine command, and return the dust to it's mother Earth. Wake, my Thirza!' he continued, and tenderly took her hand to raise her from the corpse. She had been in a kind of trance on the body of her husband, and now waked from the holy vision. 'Yes, I have seen him!—I have seen him!' she cried as she arose. 'He came to me shining in celestial lustre. "Weep not!" he said—"weep not, my dearest Thirza! I am happy. Soon shalt thou partake my bliss in the abodes of felicity and glory, where there is no death to separate us." At these words he disappeared, having cast on me a divine smile; and an heavenly light marked the traces of his feet.' Thus she spoke, and consolation sublime illumined her visage. 'Inter, O my father! inter,' said she, 'this covering of dust;' and immediately went to her mother and sister. They all three hid their faces under their dishevelled tresses, while Adam wrapt in skins the body of his son. He laid it in a pit, and covered it with earth, and then said—'Let us, my dear wife!—let us, my beloved children!—adore the Most High before this grave of the first dead.' They now all prostrated themselves before the grave, little Eliel and his brother kneeling on each side their mother, and the father of men pronounced in a loud voice this prayer, with his arms devoutly folded on his breast.

'O thou who dwellest in the highest heaven, God! Creator! Justice Eternal! Goodness Infinite! behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son. We sinners kneel before Thee in the dust. O may our prayer ascend to Thy celestial throne! Look with

* with an eye of compassion on us, O
 * God! in this valley of death, this
 * abode of sin. Our iniquities are great,
 * but Thine infinite goodness is still
 * greater. We are polluted in Thy sight:
 * Thou beholdest our impurities, yet
 * Thou hast not turned Thy face from
 * us: Thou still vouchsafest to look on
 * us in our misery with a propitious eye.
 * Thou permittest us to implore Thee.
 * Thou hast not abandoned the sinner.
 * Eternal praises rise to Thee! Thy
 * works, O God, render Thee praise!
 * The beauties of the spring, the seren-
 * ity of the heavens, shew forth Thy
 * beneficence: the loud voice of Thy
 * thunder, the rattling hail, the howling
 * storm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling
 * joy glorifies Thee: Thy justice is also
 * glorified by the tears of sorrow. We
 * have beheld the son of Sin, frightful
 * Death. He is come to our dwelling in
 * a form most hideous. Guilt led him
 * by the hand; the earth groaned, and
 * black tempests gathered round the dire-
 * ful pair. The first fruit of my loins
 * —ah! I tremble!—my first-born has
 * imbrued his hands in his brother's
 * blood! O God merciful and graci-
 * ous! though I presume to supplicate
 * Thee for him, turn not Thy face from
 * me. O God of Clemency, cast him
 * not off for ever! When he mourns in
 * the dust for his offences; when he
 * trembles at his crime; when, over-
 * whelmed by torturing remorse, he
 * weeps, he groans, and prostrates him-
 * self with deep contrition before Thee,
 * O my God! look with a pitying eye
 * on his misery: commiserate his de-
 * spair, and alluage his anguish by Thy
 * divine consolations. O my Maker!
 * cast him not off for ever! Reject not,
 * O God! reject not the presumptuous
 * petition! May our prayers, our cries,
 * ascend to Thy sublime throne, from
 * this grave of the first dead! We have,
 * according to Thy command, restored
 * the perishing dust to the earth. Hear
 * us, Lord!—Lord hear us! while we
 * cry unto Thee in behalf of our first-
 * born. Let him not perish in Thy
 * wrath! For this grace, O God! we
 * will supplicate Thee at the rising and
 * setting sun: in the silent hours of night,
 * when all nature is hushed to rest, we
 * will implore Thee for him. O God of
 * Consolation, cast him not off for ever!
 * eternal praises be rendered to Thee,
 * who hast received the soul of the happy

* deceased into the regions of never-end-
 * ing felicity! Death has seiz'd his first
 * victim. We shall follow one after
 * another to the dark and silent grave;
 * but, adored be Thy loving kindness,
 * adored be Thy tender mercies, we shall
 * likewise follow him to the realms of
 * immortality and bliss. O Thou who
 * createdst the heavens! at whose word
 * this world arose from nothing! they
 * shall perish: the heavens and the earth
 * shall pass away; but Thou art eternal.
 * We dwell in bodies of dust. This
 * dust shall be dissolved; but Thou
 * art unchangeable, and wilt raise to
 * glory the sinner who deplores his
 * crimes, and the righteous man who
 * mourns that his virtues are mixed with
 * imperfections, and his highest attain-
 * ments sullied by human frailty. Thou
 * wilt gather them together out of the
 * dust, to bestow on them eternal joys,
 * angelic purity; for—O promise ineffa-
 * ble! the seed of the woman shall bruise
 * the serpent's head.—Leap for joy, O
 * earth!—Chant forth the praises of the
 * Most High, all nature! We will glo-
 * rify His name in the midst of calami-
 * ty. Man is fallen; he is degraded from
 * his original dignity: but, glory be to
 * God, he hath not cast him off.—He hath
 * not rejected him for ever: His mercy
 * beholds the work of His hands from
 * His seat of judgment. He fell, whom
 * God created upright; yet when, after
 * his fatal transgression, the sinner, full
 * of anguish, stood trembling in fearful
 * expectation of an eternal curse, (and
 * what less could he expect?) then—let
 * men and angels celebrate the glorious
 * mystery—then the Almighty pro-
 * nounced that the seed of the woman
 * should bruise the serpent's head. Mys-
 * tery sublime! mystery profound! wrapt
 * in an holy obscurity, which no finite
 * being can penetrate: but full of divine
 * consolations. The sinner is reconciled
 * to God; the offender is restored to
 * peace and hope. Shall man then la-
 * ment in the dust? shall he groan in de-
 * spair, if the dream of life be alternate-
 * ly filled with joy and sorrow? Death
 * approaches; it shall break the shackles
 * of the soul, and free it from the conse-
 * quences of a just malediction. Then
 * those who, while clothed in dust, for-
 * got not their original purity, who loved
 * virtue, who loved God, who kindled
 * in their hearts the seraphic flame, shall
 * be assembled together in the mansions

on

on high, to enjoy their incessant, eternal felicity.—I see them! the holy assembly are present to my view, numerous beyond computing, pure as the flame which descends on the sacred altar! They stand, surrounded by angels, before the throne. They behold the face of God. They delight in his goodness. Beatific vision! transporting prospect! How is my soul raised! how is my heart expanded! Raptures before unknown! O Goodness infinite! Grace inexpressible! Lost in thine immensity, the first archangel can but imperfectly express his sensations! man—can only feel them.

Adam ceased to speak, but continued in silent extasy, prostrate on the earth, his wife and daughters still kneeling at his side. Nature herself observed the same silence: all was serene; not a cloud passed over them through the lucid sky.

Now came on 'mild evening clad in sober grey,' while every breeze was hushed. During this perfect calm, Cain, pursued by guilt, was agitated with fear, horror, remorse, and sad dismay. He roved from place to place; he wandered in the deserts, till, spent with fatigue, he sat down facing the rising moon, and thus the voice of his despair disturbed the peaceful silence that reigned over all nature: 'There, beyond the dark hill, the moon begins her course, spreading around a faint light. All under the starry expanse imbibe new life from invigorating sleep: man only wakes. My accursed hand has driven from his dwelling, peace and rest. The voice of grief and lamentation ascend from the cottages. 'Tis I—'tis I, miserable! that have brought affliction to their abodes. The cries, the groans of my bewailing parents, rise to heaven as so many accusations against me. This day—this accursed day!—Hear it, O moon! turn pale, and hide thy beams! Hear it, ye stars, and set in darkness!—This day the earth has drunk the blood of the first slain, shed by my unnatural hand. Henceforth withhold from me your precious influences, bright luminaries! Cursed on the ground I tread, banished from the cheerful face of man, hide me—hide me in gloomy darkness! I have shed my brother's blood! I have torn the heart of him that begat me! I have filled with despair the breast of her who brought me forth, and nourished my

infancy! Hide me from the eyes of Nature! I have trampled on her dictates. I will fly—fly with my misery, sad companion! to some desert region, where no human foot has marked the faded grass. I will dwell among rocks and precipices, where putrid water trickles in tears from the steeps into the swampy abodes of loathsome reptiles: where birds of prey build their nests; where savage beasts devour their bloody carnage. Alas! even these will abhor me: they kill no brothers!—Shade me, darkness, from the chearing sky!—shade me, some horrid gloom, from the sight of every creature! there let me lament my cruelty; there howl out my despair. When sleep overcomes me, terrors will present themselves to my imagination: I shall behold my murdered brother; I shall see his wounded head!—his clotted blood!

Thus Cain bewailed his wretchedness. He ceased, and sat abandoned to mute grief. No bird of night disturbed the awful stillness: frightened by sounds of human woe, they had fled in silence: a gentle murmur only floated through the air. Again he vents his sorrows, and casting his melancholy eyes around, he cries—'Pity me, ye woods!—Weep for me, ye fields!—No words can describe my misery, and pity is due to misery. —O Nature, arrayed in beauty! grieve for me—for me, lost to beauty, and to happiness.—Mourn for me, each creature! ye taste, ye feel the efficacious presence of a gracious God, to me no longer gracious! I feel His wrath: I tremble at His power. He is to me only God the Avenger, the just Avenger of my brother's blood. For ever will it cry against me: my punishment is endless.'

He was now silent for some moments; then, with a deep sigh, he said—'I weep! Can such a wretch as I shed tears!—Welcome, precious drops! ye attest to me that my miseries are softened. The despair which had seized my soul is changed to plaintive grief—to weeping sorrow. Ah! flow my tears!—Receive them, O earth! I am cursed on thy surface; thou hast drank my brother's blood; yet, oh receive these tears, that shew my unspeakable distress!—What new emotions!—How is my heart softened!—My tears flow faster.—Yes, I will—yes, while darkness hides me from every eye, I will away to the dwellings
' of

of my afflicted parents, to poor Thirza. I will go to all, and once more see them—once more bless them.—Bless them! the angry winds would disperse the salutations, as they came from my polluted lips. Ah, fratricide! canst thou pronounce a blessing, thyself accursed? I will, however, go and strive to bless them in their grief. I will weep before them, and in the dust deplore my guilt, and then—yes, then I fly for ever from their reproaching eyes.—Fly from thee, Mahala! I fly for ever from my children! Here his agony stifled his words, and he moved towards the cottages, watering with his tears the solitary way.

He was now passing a little grove, planted by the hand of Abel near the spring. Cain then remembered that his brother, when he had completed this work, had said, with fond affection—“Flourish, ye trees! spread wide your branches! May ye for ever bloom, that, under your refreshing shade, our descendants may, in affectionate converse, relate to their offspring what they will learn from us, saying—“Here Eve brought forth her first-born! “Here she soothed with her caresses his infant cries, him the first lolace in her sad exile: here she viewed him with inexpressible rapture. She called him “Cain, saying—“From the hand of “the Lord have I received thee.” The murderer passed by this monument of his brother’s tenderness with quickened step: a remorseful sweat covered his averted face; his trembling knees could scarce sustain his weight. Thus, at the sight of his father’s grave, trembles the parricide, who, with murderous dissimulation, had invited the good old man, returning from the field, to refresh himself with poisoned viands. When he passes the tomb, the rustling of the trees which surround it, the odours of the garlands, with which his duteous sisters have crowned the urn, raise a storm in his guilty heart.

Now Cain had passed the terrifying grove, and drew near the cottages. The pale moon shed on them a feeble light through the trees, and melancholy silence reigned around. He cast on the dwellings his weeping eyes; he raised his hands to heaven; he wrung them in speechless agony. Conscious guilt tore his now softened heart. Trembling, he stood amidst the dreary stillness. At

length he uttered, in a low voice, this impassioned soliloquy: ‘How quiet deep affliction rests here!—Ah, that murder!—Are they not sighs?—They came from the cottages—from the dwellings come those piercing ejaculations of sleepless grief! Here—here, ye once chearful mansions—here, trembling in darkness, stands the wretch who has made you the abodes of sorrow—Here, pursued by infernal horrors, shudders in obscurity he who has chaced from the habitations of those who gave him life, peace, joy, and every domestic sweet. Dare I breathe the air through which ascend the sighs of my mourning parents, my terrified wife, my widowed sister! Dare I appear in a spot consecrated to just grief!—grief for my crime!—Be gone! pollute not the residence of virtue.—Yes, I go—I go far from you—But let my eyes, hagger’d with despair, yet a little longer behold your dwellings. In pity to my unspeakable anguish, allow me to weep here yet a little longer. Suffer me to raise to heaven my bloody hands for your happiness. Then I go—Hail, hail ye—Ah, wretch! wilt thou profane their sacred names? Wilt thou pollute, with thy infected breath, titles that express the softest ties, the most exalted sensations of the human heart? Oh that, with the gloom of night, your distress, your terrors, might leave you to dwell in my wretched bosom, fit companions in my wanderings on an earth whose curse I have increased! Oh that I alone could endure the punishment due to my crime! May your memories never be disturbed by my horrid image! Oh that I myself could lose all remembrance of myself! Dreadful wish of extreme desolation!’

Cain having thus spoke, remained still near the cottages. He groaned, he raised his eyes to heaven; when he heard the footsteps of one advancing slowly through the gloom. A cold shivering, like the agonies of death, seized his limbs. He strove to fly; but in vain he strove: he sunk down, trembling, without strength among the bushes.

Thirza, this first night of her sad widowhood, unable to sleep, had quitted her lonely bed. She left her cottage, and went to the grave of her husband, where seating herself on the damp grass, she wept among the clouds. She viewed with

fixed eyes the starry firmament, then turning to the grave, said—'Here lies all that made life desirable: all my repose, all my joy lies under this earth, which now imbibes my tears. Sleep has forsaken my wearied eyelids: no rest remains for me.—Flow on, flow on my tears, ye are my sole consolation:—my melancholy hours shall be spent in bewailing thy loss, my dearest husband!—shall be spent near thy precious remains in gloomy sadness! It is true, I have seen thee—I have seen my beloved arrayed in heavenly glory: but, ah! I am deprived of his sweet society, of his tenderness, his endearing care, through the remainder of a life of calamity and wretchedness. In vain I tried to rest on the conjugal couch: my spirits forsook me; I almost fainted, while the sweet pledge of our love lay by me, locked in the arms of sleep. The little innocent smiled in his guiltless slumbers. Alas! he knows not yet the woes of mortals—he knows not his own irreparable loss!—Ah, my infant! I deplore thy misfortune; for ever deprived of a tender father, an instructor of thy childhood, a guide to thy youth, and the friend of thy riper years. Thy wretched mother, a prey to keen distress, torn by heart-piercing anguish, will want the strength—will want the wisdom to supply thy loss. O my child, how are we bereaved! How is every comfort ravished from us!—Horrid reflection!—ravished from us by the hand of a brother! Where is he?—Where is the miserable?—Where has his remorse—where has his despair driven him?—O Thou Infinite Clemency! God Propitious! despise not my supplications, turn not from my prayer, while, with unwearied fervour, I entreat Thee for him. Hear him, O God of Grace and Consolation! when he cries to Thee from the dust—when; in deep penitence and sincere contrition of heart, he bewails his crime, and implores Thy mercy.'

Her agony of soul now stopt her voice: but soon she cried, as she raised her weeping eyes to heaven—'Bright star of night, often hast thou been witness of our chaste endearments, when thy soft light illumined our path. Often hast thou been witness to his sublime converse, when he described the charms of virtue; the delights of an approving conscience. Thou now

canst only shed thy beams on his silent grave. Buried in this dust lies every human excellence: the consolation, the hope, the joy of his weeping parents! Here sleeps to wake no more, my love, my life, my husband.' She now continued long silent, abandoned to speechless grief. At length surveying the objects round her, she fixed her melancholy eyes on the fragrant enclosure, where she and her dear companion used to pass their most delightful hours. 'Ah! lovely bower!' she cried; 'thou now art solitary. In vain the pale moon pierces thy aromatic shades.—There, dear departed Abel! the ruddy evening saw thee pour forth thy soul in holy rapture. The remembrance of thine intense devotion, thy fervent piety, thy humble love, has lighted up in my heart a sacred fervor. I will rise above this grief. The darkness of my soul is dispelled by the dear remembrance, as the rising moon chases from the horizon the gloom of night. O my beloved! in yonder sweet retreat, how has devotion animated thine eyes! How wert thou raised above mortality, when thou, in the joyful exultation of thine heart, saidst—"What an happiness is it, my dearest Thirza, to be virtuous! What a privilege to be permitted to supplicate, to love Him from whom all these beauties are but emanations! What unspeakable felicity, to be conscious that the angels who surrounded us approve our actions! What, my beloved wife," he added, taking my hand, "what delight is there in this beautiful creation, that can be compared to the constant assurance of the Divine presence!—to the consciousness of virtue? To him who departeth not from his integrity, who panteth after perfection, death itself has lost many of its terrors. We know—let the sinner exult in the inexpressible mercy!—we know that it will only separate the body from the immortal soul, which, when escaped from its prison of earth, will wing its way to mansions of eternal joy. O my Thirza!" continued the dear departed faint, "if I quit my dust before thee—before thee remove to bliss, short and moderate be thy grief: weep not long over my perishing clay. What are the days of this short life, compared with eternity! We shall meet again in the realms of purity and joy, to

" part

"part no more."—"Dearest Abel!"
 "I replied, while my tears flowed, "nei-
 "ther, if I first leave my dust, do thou
 "give way to fruitless sorrow: shed not
 "many tears over my senseless corpse.
 "We shall, my love, be re-united: we
 "shall together enjoy everlasting happi-
 "ness: we shall meet—O extasy! never,
 "never to part more." O my soul, sink
 "not under thy grief! Sublime are the
 "consolations offered thee. Remember
 "thy dignity—reflect on thine immorta-
 "lity—look beyond the present calamity
 "—rejoice in the salvation that awaits
 "thee! Didst thou perish with the frail
 "body, where would be my hope?—
 "What could assuage my sorrow? Well
 "might I lament over this grave—well
 "might I pray that an end were put to
 "my wretched being—but—I shall live
 "for ever! I will rise above this dispi-
 "riting grief.—Yes, my dearest hus-
 "band! if thy ennobled soul—if thy
 "angelic mind still retains any love, any
 "concern for my happiness, thou wilt
 "be pleased to know that thy precepts,
 "thine example, has inspired me with
 "fortitude—has taught me to bear up
 "under the unavoidable afflictions of
 "mortality.—Dear angel! if thou still
 "hoverest over me, thou shalt be witness
 "to my endeavours to repel this fruitless
 "grief: but my tears still flow—I can-
 "not yet command my sorrow. I must a
 "little longer weep on this precious dust.
 "I will erect around the grave an arbour
 "of cypress: under the melancholy shade
 "I will mourn my loss; but under it too
 "will I contemplate, in holy transport,
 "on the happy moment when I shall meet
 "my beloved; when, like him, I shall be
 "free from all impurity, all sorrow, all
 "sin, and eternally out of the reach of
 "death. This ravishing prospect will
 "—it does abate my anguish." She
 "now arose from the grave, but instantly
 "cried, sinking again on her knees—"O
 "horrid reflection, our brother murdered
 "him! O God of Goodness! hear my
 "supplications: shew favour to the un-
 "happy sinner; hear him when he cries
 "to Thee: destroy him not, O God!
 "in Thy wrath. Save him, O gracious
 "God! save him from eternal perdition.
 "My petitions for his final happiness
 "shall ascend to Thee in the early dawn.
 "I will pray for him without ceasing.
 "He is still my brother."

Cain, the prey of wild despair, lay

trembling among the bushes. "Fly,"
 he cried to himself, "fly these holy dwel-
 "lings, odious monster!—Ah! I can-
 "not fly: I am surrounded by infernal
 "horrors.—Leave me, furies, leave me!
 "—Carry me, trembling feet, from this
 "seat of virtue! I profane the sacred
 "place. Alas! I cannot fly: my strength
 "fails: a cold shivering has seized my
 "limbs.—Oh, that these were the last
 "tremblings of nature! Unhappy that
 "I am, I survive to feel encraving an-
 "guish. How her lamentations pierce
 "my soul!—O virtue, how sublime are
 "thy consolations!—all lost—for ever
 "lost to me. No hope remains—I have
 "sinned beyond forgiveness.—Ah! she
 "prays! she prays for me—for me who
 "have filled her heart with sorrow!—
 "Unexampled goodness! Ought she not
 "rather to call down curses on my
 "guilty head?—O torture! her virtue,
 "her piety, heightens my despair. My
 "miseries are insupportable. My crime
 "appears in all its magnitude. Not
 "the apostate spirits in the lowest abyss
 "of hell feel more horror.—Thou pray
 "for me, Thirza!—Thy rash vows are
 "all superfluous.—No, God will not
 "hear thy prayers—he is just.—Now
 "she retires from the grave of her hus-
 "band, murdered by my hand. Dare I
 "tread the same path?—Dare I weep on
 "the traces made by her feet?—No—
 "Retire, barbarous fratricide!—Retire,
 "bloody murderer! from the sanctified
 "spot!—Fly, wretch! fly!"

Having thus spoke, he walked with
 hasty step; but suddenly stopping, he
 cried—"O Mahala! how can I leave
 "thee!—How can I leave ye for ever,
 "O my children! I will in the dust de-
 "plore my crime before you—before
 "thee, Mahala. Perhaps thou now
 "sheddest tears of compassion for my mi-
 "sery—perhaps thou wilt bless me still.
 "—But what do I say? Cursed of God,
 "who will dare to bless me?—No, hate
 "me, curse me! I deserve it—then I fly,
 "abhorred of all, loaded with the curse
 "of God, and of all nature. Misery ex-
 "treme! anguish insupportable! I have
 "no power to fly!—I come, I come, my
 "dearest wife! to mourn before thee my
 "guilt and wretchedness. I will weep
 "at thy feet—I will implore thee to for-
 "give my having chased peace from
 "thine heart, and filled thy days with
 "sorrow. Then—yes, then—I fly from
 "thee,

' thee, Mahala—I fly from you, my children.'

Cain now passed at a distance from the grave, and advanced towards his cottage. He frequently stopped as irresolute. At length he came to his dwelling; but stood long without, pale and trembling. Then, with tottering and hesitating step, he passed the threshold.

Mahala was sitting on her solitary bed, gazing with weeping eyes at the pale moon, more pale herself than that star when enveloped in clouds. Her infants were crying round her. At the sight of her husband she gave a heart-piercing shriek, and fell on the bed senseless. The terrified infants grasped the knees of Cain, crying—'O my father!

' help our dear mother! She is faint—she is sick with weeping for Abel.—He is dead—Adam has put him in the ground, and covered him with dust. Why was you so long a coming home? You have worked a long while. Dear father, comfort our mother!' Overcome by the conflict of his various passions, Cain could give no answer to the little innocents. He embraced them. He hugged them in his arms, while his tears ran on their faces. Then, unable to support his anguish, he fell on the earth, at the feet of his wife. The children now redoubled their cries, which awakened Mahala from her swoon. She saw her weeping husband on the earth.

'O Cain! Cain!' she cried in a voice of despair, tearing her dishevelled locks. 'Mahala,' interrupted Cain—'My dear Mahala! forgive me—pardon the murderer of thy brother!—This once allow me to weep before thee—this once let me cast myself in the dust at thy feet! Ah! I conjure thee to grant me this feeble consolation—this last hope of a misery that has no equal—only abstain from cursing me! Curse me not, O Mahala! I come to deplore before thee my misery and my guilt:—then I fly far from thee for ever. I will hide me in the deserts. Cursed of God, followed by his wrath, I fly. O curse me not! curse not thy wretched husband!'

'Ah, Cain!' she replied, penetrated with the tenderest compassion, 'though thou hast killed the best of brothers—though thou hast heaped inexpressible miseries on my wretched head, yet I forget not that thou art still my husband. I pity—I weep for thee.' Cain answered, casting on her a look of ten-

derness, a look that expressed the bitter anguish of his heart—'Fatal moment, when a dream from hell deceived me! These little ones appeared before me as slaves to the sons of Abel. To save them from misery and bondage, I killed him—Cursed moment! I murdered the best of brothers, and the bloody deed will for ever haunt my mind, and fill it with infernal horrors. My punishment is eternal. Yet, O Mahala! I would escape thy curses. Curse me not, my dearest wife!—Curse me not in my misery! This hour I fly—I quit thee for ever—I quit ye for ever, my beloved children! I fly from ye, cursed by God and man.'

The children lamented round him. They raised their innocent hands in agony. Mahala sunk on the earth, and reclined on her husband. 'Receive these tears—receive these expressions of my sincere forgiveness and compassion!' she said, while she wept over him. 'Dost thou fly, Cain?—Dost thou fly to the desert regions? How can I dwell here, while thou art solitary and abandoned—while thou art miserable far from me! No, Cain, I fly with thee. How can I suffer thee to be destitute of all relief in the deserts!—What cruel inquietudes would torment me! Every breeze I heard would fill me with terror. "Perhaps he is now," I should say to myself—"perhaps he is at this instant in the agonies of death, without succour, in some barren locks." She was silent, and Cain, with a look of astonishment, cried—'What do I hear! Is it thou, Mahala?—is it thou thyself, or does a dream again deceive me? It is—it is my dear, my virtuous wife! Thy words, Mahala—thy consoling words have softened my despair. Thou dost not hate me!—thou dost not curse me! It is enough. No, thou courageous, thou affectionate wife! thou shalt never share in the punishment due to my horrid crime—thou shalt not suffer for me the chastisements of Heaven. Remain in this abode sanctified by virtue, where dwelleth the Divine Benediction. I will not render thee miserable. Forget me, Mahala—forget thy wretched husband. Abandoned by God, I shall wander without place of rest; but mayst thou be happy! mayst thou be blest!—'No, Cain, if thou art miserable, I cannot here be happy,' replied Mahala. 'I fly with

' with thee—with thee I wander—I will
 ' be desolate with thee—I go with thee
 ' to the desert regions. Our children
 ' shall go with us. I will there share
 ' thy misery—I will try to assuage it—
 ' I will mix my tears of compassion with
 ' thy tears of penitence—I will kneel by
 ' thy side—My prayers shall ascend to
 ' Heaven with thine—Our children, pro-
 ' strate round us, shall join their voices
 ' with ours. God will not disdain the
 ' penitent sinner. I fly with thee, Cain.
 ' Without ceasing we will pray—with-
 ' out ceasing we will mourn before God,
 ' till a ray of His grace illumines thy
 ' benighted soul, and justifies our con-
 ' fidence in His mercy. Hope in God,
 ' Cain! He will hear the prayer of the
 ' penitent sinner.'

' O thou!' cried Cain, ' by what
 ' name shall I call thee? Thou art to
 ' me as a gracious angel! A beam of di-
 ' vine consolation has darted into the
 ' obscurity of my soul! O Mahala! O
 ' my wife! now I dare embrace thee.
 ' O that I could make thee sensible of
 ' what I feel! but words cannot express
 ' my gratitude—cannot express the ten-
 ' der emotions of my heart.' At these
 words he pressed her to his breast; then
 suddenly quitting her, he embraced his
 children: but soon returned to his wife,
 and again clasped her to his heart.

Now this tender mother, this heroic
 wife, soothed her infants, and wiped
 away their tears. She took her youngest
 child to her breast, another little one
 held by the hand of his father, while
 Eliel and Josiah, full of life and gaiety,
 tripped before them. They left their
 cottage. Mahala, with weeping eyes,
 beheld the dwellings of her parents and
 of Thirza. ' Be blest, be blest,' said
 she, ' O desolate family, whom I aban-
 ' don! Soon will I return from the
 ' place of our habitation, to supplicate
 ' your blessings for me—for my dear,
 ' my penitent husband. I will solicit
 ' for him a pardon.' She now wept as
 irresolute, when instantly exhalations,
 more balsamic than are breathed from
 all the flowers of spring, surrounded the
 fugitives, and the voice of an invisible
 angel from over their heads, said—' Go,
 ' generous wife! I will in a dream in-
 ' form thy tender mother of thine heroic
 ' courage: I will tell her, thou art
 ' gone with thy penitent husband, to
 ' implore mercy for him from the Sove-
 ' reign Judge.'

They now walked by the light of the
 nocturnal star. They lost sight of the
 dwellings, and advanced into the desert
 regions, where had never been imprinted
 the foot of man.